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See Page 16.

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One Halfpenny.

COTTON TSAR'S FALL.

Failure of Mr. Daniel Sully,
the Gambler.

HIS METEORIC CAREER.

According to a telegram from New York, Daniel Sully, the "Tsar of the Cotton Market," the man whose gigantic operations for months past have shaken the market to its very foundations, whose every movement has been watched with tense anxiety, not only by his fellow-gamblers, but by cotton merchants and operatives in every centre of the industry, has failed.

The momentous announcement was made on the Cotton Exchange yesterday. The news created an enormous sensation. It is impossible for the present to calculate the full extent of the effect which the announcement will have on the market.

METEORIC CAREER.

It is practically only eighteen months ago since Sully first commenced operations on any considerable scale, but since then they have acquired colossal proportions. A month ago he had amassed a fortune which made him



A characteristic portrait, sketched a few weeks ago, of the "Cotton King," who has now been dethroned.

many times a millionaire. By his huge purchases he succeeded in effecting what practically amounted to a corner of the whole raw cotton market.

Sully's success infected other speculators, great and small, for the craze of gambling spread like wildfire. Prices and profits far surpassed all records, and the market became daily subject to most sensational fluctuations.

When in the latter part of February the "Tsar" essayed to sell the market collapsed. The failures directly attributable to his deals were innumerable, one firm that collapsed having lost £20,000 a day for three months.

LANCASHIRE'S ARCH-ENEMY.

The fact that half the cotton mills in the world have been shut down or working on short time, that thousands of operatives in Lancashire have been thrown out of work, and been compelled to see their wives and families starve for bread, lies at Sully's door. While the normal price of cotton should have been about 4½d. per lb., the New York Gamblers forced it up to double that value.

Men without any real interest in the cotton industry piled up millions of dollars at the expense of those who depended for existence on a sufficient supply of the raw material being obtainable by the manufacturers. Sully, to further his schemes for manipulating the market, had emissaries in Liverpool and Manchester, who operated there simultaneously by means of the cable.

In the following terms the extreme seriousness of the situation was alluded to in the King's Speech in February last:—

"The insufficiency of the supply of the raw material upon which the great cotton industry of this country depends, has inspired me with deep concern. I trust that the efforts which are now being made in various parts of my

MARIE DANTON STILL SMILING.



Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety of "The Chinese Honeymoon," or the humour of the people who take part in that merry musical melody at the Strand Theatre. Miss Marie Danton, who has been singing and jesting in the piece for two years, presided last night over the revels which marked the 1,000th performance. See page 3.

[Sketched from life by a "Mirror" artist.]

Empire to increase the area under cultivation may be attended with a large measure of success."

Last July Sully paid a visit to England to investigate the condition of our cotton supply. In private life he abstains from all reference to his business affairs, and checks every inquiry touching them. He is now in his forty-second year, and was first brought into contact with cotton dealing by his marriage to a daughter of D. M. Thompson, manager of the Knight Cotton Mills.

A characteristic incident is related of Sully in connection with a visit to the New York Stock Exchange on February 18 in company with a party of ladies. There were few members present, and business was very quiet. The ladies openly expressed their disappointment at this, and one said, "Say, Mr. Sully, there's no speed in this."

Sully laughed, went into the "pit," and spoke to a man. Instantly news spread that "Sully was buying"; members, brokers, mes-

sengers, rushed in, and pandemonium raged. Chewing an unlit cigar—his invariable habit—Sully kept up a semblance of seriousness.

Round him wild-eyed men fought to sell. Then the farce became serious, and Sully fought for a rise and secured it. Afterwards he took the men whom he had let into his secret and presented them to the ladies, who expressed the pleasure which the scene had afforded them.

ARMY REFORM.

In pursuance of the reforms recommended by the War Office Committee, composed of Lord Esher, Sir John Foster, and Sir George Sydenham Clarke, an important committee has been appointed at the War Office to carry out the process of decentralisation by subdividing the United Kingdom into eight administrative districts, on which the duties of the War Office administration will largely devolve.

Sir Edward Ward, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State, is the chairman of this committee.

PROCESSION OF GONDOLAS.

The very unusual sight of Venetian gondolas in the streets of London was witnessed yesterday. There was a procession of them from the docks to Earl's Court, where they will figure in "Venice in London" during the forthcoming exhibition.

There were seven of them in all, borne on seven huge lorries; and as they were being conveyed along the streets they created a great deal of curiosity.

People were rather disappointed in the matter of colour and decoration. They had expected to see the boats radiant in gorgeous hues, but those were the gondolas of the fourteenth century. In these matter-of-fact times the water hansom of Venice are of dark ebony-like wood. A decree of the sixteenth century ordained this sombre colour.

Since the death of an old lady named Mrs. Elizabeth Jeremiah, who died recently at her residence at Pontypool, no fewer than 1,495 sovereigns have been found on the premises. Some of the coins were minted in the reign of George IV.

ADMIRAL STARCK

Reported To Have Tried
To Kill Himself.

REGIMENT OF WOMEN.

Interview with the Charming
Russian Who Wishes To
Lead Them.

Only two days ago it was announced that Vice-Admiral Starck, who had been in command of the Russian Pacific squadron, had been recalled "on account of ill-health."

Now it is rumoured in St. Petersburg that the Vice-Admiral has attempted to commit suicide.

A German report from Shanghai is to the effect that a Japanese advance guard of 200 men near Ping-yang has been cut up by a force of 300 Russians.

This report appears to be current also at Tokio, whence it was conveyed by the crew of the American cruiser Cincinnati to Chifu.

That Japan apparently regards her preparations for her struggle to clear Russia out of Korea and Manchuria as almost complete may be gathered from the fact that correspondents have been ordered to be ready to leave Japan on Sunday next, or Wednesday at the latest; but their destination is described as "unknown."

Vice-Admiral Starck appears to have solved the mystery as to the whereabouts of the missing Vladivostok squadron. He says the ships left Vladivostok for a seven days' cruise, and returned to that port.

"All is quiet at Port Arthur" is the report sent almost daily.

RUSSIAN AMAZONS

Want to Form a Ladies' Regiment.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Moscow, Tuesday.
The "St. Petersburgskaya Gazeta" published a day or two ago a report that some ladies had approached the Minister of War with a request for permission to form a "corps of 2,000 Amazons," to go to the front, adding that sufficient funds had already been raised.

I have to-day had an interview with Mlle. Marie Sapernikoff, one of the would-be Amazons, who lives near the Pokrovka in this city. Mlle. Sapernikoff, who is blonde, petite, and charming in manner, took the project very seriously.

"Do you not think," I asked, "that women are much too fragile to stand the rigours of a campaign?"

"In some cases, yes," she replied, "but you forget that Japanese men are generally both smaller and weaker than Russian women, and it is the Japanese, not ordinary men, we have to fight this time. Many Russian women fought in the war against Napoleon. The average Russian peasant woman could lift a couple of Japs without difficulty. I could recruit a dozen such on my father's estate."

"But did you really think your ~~offer~~ would be entertained?"

"Why not? Many Russian girls can ride like Cossacks, and are first-rate shots. I myself always accompany my father on wolf-shooting expeditions. Only a week ago I bagged three wolves at Yegorovsk (a village near Moscow) in a single afternoon."

But why not be satisfied with serving your country as a nurse, under the Red Cross Society?"

"I am not an Englishwoman," replied Mlle. Sapernikoff. "Do I look like one? In Russia woman is man's equal. Women are employed in highly-paid Government positions, and there are more women doctors in Russia than in the rest of Europe put together. We are on a par with men."

WORKMEN'S RAILWAY FARES.

Mr. Yerkes Prefers One Toll for
Any Distance.

Yesterday's sitting of the Royal Commission on London Traffic, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, was occupied in completing the evidence of Mr. R. W. Yerkes, M.P., and in a comparatively short examination of Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, the American railway magnate, who has concerned himself with the electrification of the District Railway system.

Mr. Yerkes complained of workmen passengers crowding the District trains with dirty clothes, and frequently carrying logs of wood or anything else which could lay hands on, to the great inconvenience and annoyance of ordinary travellers. He did not consider it fair that people who paid full fare should have to make up the difference for the cost of transit of such a class as he had described.

Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, regarding reduced fares to workmen, said that in America nothing of the sort existed.

In answer to the suggestion that the reason for introducing workmen's tickets in London was to enable people to live away from their work,

Mr. Yerkes said that years ago in the United States a similar difficulty arose in Chicago, but the railway company extended its system some miles on to the prairies, and, charging the same fare the working-classes soon availed themselves of the opportunity of living amid green fields and fresh air.

On the train arriving from Hammersmith at Sloane-square at 9.35 yesterday morning, one of the carriages which affords accommodation for forty persons was found to contain seventy persons.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

TO BE BURIED BY HIS WIFE'S
SIDE.

It has been arranged, in deference to his strongly expressed wish, that the late Duke of Cambridge will be buried in the Cambridge mausoleum, Kensal Green Cemetery. The funeral will take place next Tuesday, and though no State service will be held the venerable Duke will be buried with full military honours.

If anything could increase the esteem in which his late Royal Highness is held by the general public it is the steadfast devotion to his dead wife shown even in his dying wish that he should be buried by her side.

A funeral service, which will probably be conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, will be held in Westminster Abbey previous to the interment.

Both the King and Prince of Wales will attend the funeral. The escort to which, according to regulations, a Field-Marshal is entitled, is eight squadrons of cavalry and six battalions of infantry. The burial service is the firing of seventeen guns.

Pathetic Scenes.

The closing hours of the late Duke's life were, as described by the "Daily Mail," extremely pathetic. He was propped up by pillows in a sitting posture, his hands spread out on the bed-clothes. Though worn with suffering and loss of sleep, he was quite conscious.

He looked round the little group at his bedside and said, slowly and hesitatingly, in his deep, rough, soldier's voice, "I have had a bad, bad night. I must be seriously ill."

He died an hour later, still propped in the same position.

Yesterday morning the remains were removed from the death chamber to the ground-floor dining-room.

Tributes of Respect.

In the City yesterday expressions of regret for the popular Duke's death were heard on all sides. At a meeting of the United Service Institution, Whitehall, in the afternoon, Earl Roberts, who presided, paid generous tribute to the qualities of the dead Duke, and referred to the loss which the institution had sustained by his death. He had been president of the United Service Institution for nearly twenty-four years, and had frequently presided at its meetings, besides otherwise doing all that he could to promote its success.

The esteem in which he was held abroad is shown by the fact that the Parisian newspapers yesterday published sympathetic obituary notices, referring especially to the friendliness which the late Duke had always shown towards France.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Dresses of All Times at the Crystal
Palace Exhibition.

A walk round the Dress Exhibition, which opens at the Crystal Palace to-day, was one of the items in Miss Mirror's programme yesterday.

Although the arrangements were incomplete, there was evidence that the exhibits were to include many things of uncommon interest to the antiquary as well as to the dress lover. Wonderful confections were being tenderly drawn from their tissue-paper wrappings; one stall was being draped with old Indian embroideries, wrought three centuries ago, when the Punjab was still peopled by the picture-loving Hindu; here a deputa-tion from Mr. Clarkson's were arranging a figure in the famous wig, and there a magnificent brocade coat from Bokhara was being wrapped round a papier-mache hummy.

The wonderful collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century dresses and suits, marvels of gold and silk embroidery, lent by Mrs. Rudolf Berens, was already in place, and a row of waxen figures were being arrayed in peasant costumes from all over Europe.

Lady Dorothy Neville's collection of cottage industries will be on view, and some exquisite old fans have been lent to grace the show.

ARCHBISHOP INVOKED.

Moving a resolution disapproving of the importation of Chinese labourers into the Transvaal, in the House of Lords yesterday, Lord Coleridge called on the Archbishop of Canterbury to come forward boldly and speak against the importation of Chinese. He predicted that if he did so he would stop it.

Mr. Lyttelton, in a published reply to a correspondent, on the Chinese labour question, says a Government which flinched from doing what was necessary for the welfare of any part of the Empire, for fear of losing supporters at home, did not deserve possession of power.

He thinks the Government may lose many votes in the country, but the increased employment of white, skilled labour depends entirely on the supply of unskilled labour.

OPENING FOR THE UGLY.

GOOD-LOOKING CHAUFFEURS ONLY
ENGAGED WHEN DISGUISED.

There is no doubt about the falling-off in the demand for young and good-looking chauffeurs. Recent elopements of society girls with these smart young men have thoroughly alarmed well-to-do parents. Young chauffeurs are completely at a discount, and have difficulty in finding situations even at £30 a year. The danger of good looks in "goggles" has alarmed society. Fathers will not take the risk of an elopement. A *Mirror* representative walking along Long Acre yesterday saw a queue of smart young men waiting outside the establishment of a large motor-car firm. He took his place in the ranks, and after long waiting was finally admitted.

Being neither young nor good-looking he was received with open arms by several gentlemen, who were with the manager of the firm, and dined with their disappointment when they found he was no chauffeur, but a journalist.

The manager said he had seen nearly a hundred chauffeurs that morning, and all of them were too young and attractive to suit his clients.

The same tale awaited our representative at a registry office, whither he betook himself in search of more information. The lady in charge said that during the last few days she had had numerous applications from chauffeurs, where formerly she had to advertise for them, and that elderly men, once neglected, were now taking and receiving fabulous sums for their services.

Enterprising young chauffeurs do not despair. They are altering their looks by the aid of wigs, beards, etc. The establishments of costumiers and wig-makers are being invaded with this end in view, and "beauty doctors" are busy making the change.

Before long there will not be a single good-looking chauffeur in England; but when engaging a man to drive the car employers should remember that ugliness may be only skin deep, and beware of the grey-haired, wrinkled, made-up man, who is in reality youthful.

SIR T. LIPTON AND THE AMERICA CUP.

The New York "Sun" states that Sir Thomas Lipton recently inquired whether a challenge for the America Cup would be accepted under the new rule of the New York Yacht Club for its own races, limiting the draught of yachts to eighteen feet. This rule would bar the Reliance, Constitution, and Columbia, which draw twenty feet.

The committee of the New York Yacht Club reply that a challenge must be made by a foreign club ten months in advance of a proposed race.

GENERAL AND PRETTY GIRL.

Kuropatkin's Kindness to a Russian
Little Red Riding Hood.

The stoppage of General Kuropatkin's train for a few minutes at the wayside station of Baranovka was the occasion of a curious incident, writes our Moscow correspondent.

A big crowd of muzhiks had gathered round the General's carriage bowing and offering ikons. Among them was a pretty little girl in a red hood, who held in her hand a basket of eggs. The General beckoned her to the carriage door and, as an excuse for charity, told an aide-de-camp to buy the eggs.

The girl refused to take the money, and when the aide-de-camp had retorted what she had said Kuropatkin lifted her into the carriage and kissed her, asking her name. She replied that it was Klimoff, and that her father had been the General's servant when he served under Skobeleff at Lofitsha and Plevna.

Hearing that the veteran was employed as watchman near the station, the General sent for him and presented him with a five-rouble piece, saying, "If the soldiers I am going to command are only as brave as you were there is no fear for Russia." This episode delayed the train nearly ten minutes.

THE KAISER AT "GIB."

The Kaiser arrived at Gibraltar yesterday morning, and, wearing the uniform of a British Field Marshal, and attended by a large suite, landed at noon, while a royal salute was fired by the British squadron and the land battery.

His Majesty (says Reuter) was received at the landing by Sir George White, the Governor, and by the civil, naval, and military authorities. The reception on the part of the public was respectful. The Emperor looked well.

In the afternoon the Emperor visited the fortifications of the Upper Rock.

Mr. Gray Hill, president of the Law Society, has received a telegram from Lord Knollys stating that the King and Queen would open the new hall of the institution on Wednesday next.

ANARCHIST BOMB

Kills an Officer and Creates
Havoc in a Belgian
Street.

CRIME HOTLY DENOUNCED

Early yesterday morning several persons walking along the Rue Montagne Ste. Walburge, Liege, where M. Laurent lives, perceived at his house a box about a foot high and resembling a Japanese in shape. Suspecting mischief, they warned M. Laurent, who got out of a low window and examined the box. He expressed the opinion that it was an infernal machine, but went to consult M. Papin, of the Artillery. At a quarter-past two returned with the major and found about twenty persons standing near the house.

The major examined the box, at the top of which was a long tube, and decided to remove it, but that moment, without the slightest warning, there was a formidable explosion.

Major Papin had both legs blown off, and died almost immediately. M. Dupont, a police official, had a leg torn off, and four other persons were removed to hospital, suffering from shrapnel injuries.

The house was wrecked, and thousands of window-panes in the neighbourhood were shattered. There is no clue to the authors of the outrage. During the proceedings in the Belgian Chamber yesterday M. Neujean, Liberal deputy, denounced the dastardly Anarchist outrage. He expressed sympathy with the victims, and asked that the should be compensated by the State. His remark that the outrage had occurred on the anniversary of the Commune roused angry protests from Socialists.

EX-DIPLOMATIST'S DIVORCE

German Baron's Secret Visits
His Wife.

Mr. George Norman Douglass, second son of John Sholto Douglass, of Tillicoultry, Banchoy, and formerly of the Diplomatic Service, told a painful story in Edinburgh Court of Session of the disgrace which his wife's conduct has brought upon his name.

Born in Austria in 1809 Mr. Douglass ultimately entered the British Foreign Office, and afterwards became Attaché at St. Petersburg, but, becoming engaged, he decided to resign from the Diplomatic Service. In June, 1888, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Louise Theobaldina Fitzgibbon, and afterwards lived chiefly at Villa Gaiola, Naples. In February, 1903, while they were visiting Amatin, Mr. Douglass was absent for a time. Capri, where he was proposing to build a house. On his return he noticed a great change in his wife's manner.

Admitted Through Her Window.

He pressed her for the reason, and she said she had formed the acquaintance of Baron Stengel, and had misconducted herself with him at Amatin in March, 1903. His wife also told him that the Baron was in the habit of coming to the house in the early morning. She used to wake him by the window of her bedroom, which was on the ground floor.

For the honour of his family and the future of his children, Mr. Douglass told his wife he was willing to avoid a scandal, and explained to her that he was prepared to arrange a private separation on condition that she and the Baron held no communication with each other.

He dictated a letter which his wife wrote explaining that if his condition was not observed he would raise divorce proceedings in England. The Baron, however, declined.

After hearing Mr. Douglass's story, Lord Lorne granted a decree nisi.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Glimpse Into His Majesty's and
Its Manager's Mind.

"The modern theatre behind the magic of the footlights resembles the sound and fury of a factory. Hundreds of men, literally hundreds, move swiftly along the corridors, run up and down the stairs, gather in knots behind the scenery, and appear and disappear through doors that are never still. An automatic lift is for ever ascending and descending the six or seven floors of this gigantic theatre.

"Electric bells are for ever ringing impatiently in the several rooms of the management. The clatter of the typewriter sounds down all the corridors.

Servants in scarlet and gold rub elbows with breathless call-boys, cynical superns, lady typists, dressers in shirt-sleeves, perspiring scene-shifters, poets, dramatists, secretaries, newspaper men, and the actors and actresses in their bewildering costumes."

Thus writes Mr. Harold Begbie in an article on Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the April "Pall Mall Magazine."

Mr. Tree is made to discourse most eloquently upon the actor's art, but the ears of some novelists will burn when they read this:—"The distinguished author (Mr. Tree says) who often has beguiled our leisure is frequently, when we come to meet him in the flesh, a poor fellow, a dull dog."

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery, or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,

"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"

2, Carmelite Street, London.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Becoming cloudy, much milder and less settled generally; rain by Saturday night and at intervals during Sunday; gusty south-westerly winds.
Lighting-up time: 7.10 p.m. to-day, 7.12 p.m. to-morrow.
Sea passages will be moderate to-day; rather rough generally on Sunday.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

It has been arranged that the funeral of the Duke of Cambridge shall take place at Kensal Green. Both the King and Prince of Wales will attend.—(Page 2.)

In social circles surprise has been occasioned at the absence of an order for general mourning for the late Duke of Cambridge.—(Page 12.)

There is no great change in the Far Eastern situation. A St. Petersburg rumour is to the effect that Admiral Starek, recently relieved of the command of the Russian fleet, has attempted suicide. There are now, it is said, 230,000 Russians concentrated in South Manchuria.—(Page 2.)

Chinese labour was discussed in the Upper Chamber on a motion of disapproval moved by Lord Coleridge. In the Commons it was intimated that the whole of Monday would be available for the discussion of the vote of censure proposed by the Opposition on the Government.—(Page 2.)

Liege has been the scene of a bomb explosion, the supposed work of anarchists. A house was wrecked and an officer killed. Five people were injured. There is no clue to the author of the outrage.—(Page 2.)

Mr. Daniel Sully, the Cotton King, whose operations for a time almost ruled the markets, has failed. The announcement created great sensation on the New York Cotton Exchange.—(Page 1.)

It has been intimated that the King and Queen will open the new hall of the Law Society on Wednesday next.—(Page 2.)

Writing to the *Mirror* a correspondent emphatically confirms the statements which have appeared on the subject of the naval blackmail scandal.—(Page 1.)

Turbulent scenes were witnessed yesterday in the Italian Chamber, ending in troops being called in to remove representatives of the Press.—(Page 2.)

On the resumption of the divorce case Pollard v. Pollard, in which the King's Proctor intervenes and alleges false evidence, a number of witnesses were called and examined. The hearing was further adjourned until Tuesday.—(Page 6.)

Some stories concerning the career of Sir Donald Currie, the donor of £100,000 to aid the cause of medical education in London, appear in this issue.—(Page 4.)

Amusing letters were read in a breach of promise case heard in the High Court yesterday. Defendant, a widower, was stated to have served in no less than nine occupations.—(Page 6.)

Frequent robberies at a Notting-hill church resulted in the vicar having alarm boxes fitted with electric wire communicating with a bell.—(Page 11.)

Judging from correspondence, the explanation given by Sir F. Jeune to the *Mirror* respecting his recent utterance concerning bachelors has not been kindly received.—(Page 4.)

No musical play in London has run so long as "A Chinese Honeymoon," which reached its 1,000th performance at the Strand Theatre last evening.—(Page 3.)

Gondolas intended for the coming Earl's Court exhibition were taken through London streets yesterday, attracting a good deal of curiosity.—(Page 1.)

Domino playing has become a craze with City business men, and the evil is rapidly extending to the West End.—(Page 5.)

From our Paris correspondents comes an extraordinary story of attempted murder, believed to be due to vengeance, which the police are now investigating.—(Page 5.)

Workmen engaged in Upper Baker-street have discovered an underground passage—possibly once used by King George IV. It has since been filled in.—(Page 5.)

Leicester has a bell-ringer who has been so engaged for over three score years.—(Page 4.)

Bullion, the winner of the London and Brighton Steeplechase at Lingfield, is in some quarters thought a likely candidate for Grand National honours.—(Page 14.)

The semi-final round of the Football Association Cup competition is decided to-day. The winner of the Manchester City v. Sheffield Wednesday tie seems to have the best chance of securing final honours.—(Page 14.)

We publish special photographs of the four teams meeting to-day in the semi-final round for the English Association Cup.—(Pages 8-9.)

Stock markets revived considerably. Great interest was taken in the forthcoming Irish Land Loan, now said to be offered next week. Consols remained unchanged, and there was a change for the better in both American and Canadian Rails. In the Foreign market it was the best day seen for a long time.—(Page 13.)

To-Day's Arrangements.

The United States Ambassador addresses the students at Edinburgh University.
Sir Oliver Lodge presides at a conference of the Birmingham University and Education Committee on the Question of Training Secondary Teachers, Birmingham.
Viscount Goschen presides at the Jubilee Dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press, Hotel Cecil, E. 30.
Opening of the International Dress Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.
Annual meeting of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, St. Brice's Institute, 2.
Opening of an International Automobile Exhibition, Royal Agricultural Hall.
Hacking: Lingfield, Haydock Park.
Hockey: At Dublin, Ireland v. England.
Lacrosse: At Stockport, Cheshire v. Cambridge University; at Lord's, Surrey v. Kent; at Leyton, Essex v. Middlesex.
Football: England v. Scotland, Edinburgh (R.); Semi-final of the Association Cup.

"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!"



Here are five of the people who came before the curtain last night to accept the congratulations of the audience at the Strand Theatre on the 1,000th presentation of "A Chinese Honeymoon." They are Arthur Williams (Mr. Pineapple), Marie Dainton (Mrs. Brown), Picton Roxborough (Emperor Hang Chow), Lily Elsie (Soo-Soo), and Farnon Soutar (Tom Hatherton).

THE 1,000TH TIME.

"Mr. Mirror" Behind the Scenes at the "Chinese Honeymoon."

Last night "A Chinese Honeymoon," at the Strand Theatre, reached its 1,000th performance. No musical play in London has run so long, though "Dorothy" came near with a total of 931 times.
"Mr. Mirror," by courtesy of the management, watched the veterans of the "Chinese Honeymoon," Mr. Picton Roxborough (Emperor Hang Chow) and Mr. Percy Clifton (Lord High Admiral), who have held their parts from the start, preparing for the

piece. As Mr. Roxborough made up his eyes, and they became more and more almond-shaped, so he grew more and more urbane and imperial in his manner. He was solemn, but very nervous.
"Thousandth nights," he said, "and records, they are no honour, but an honour as bad as first nights. I have never been more nervous. I shall dry up, I shall forget my words! Good gracious, I can't remember now whether I am captivating or charming. What's the word, Clifton?"
"Don't ask me," said the Lord High Admiral. "I'm shaking all over. Look here, 'Mr. Mirror,' give over talking about nerves. Have you ever had 'em?"
"Mr. Clifton, please," called the boy outside. "Give me a whisky-and-soda, quick," said the admiral. He gulped it down, and rushed away.

After a while back he came, panting from his exertions. "Magnificent house," he cried. "Come to see the piece, not to get souvenirs. But, by Jove, look how my legs are shaking. I couldn't have endured that dance to save my life."
"Mr. Roxborough, please," and solemnly, in answer to the call-boy's summons, the Emperor Hang Chow stalked towards the stage.
Then came Mr. Arthur Williams. "All very well for these young men," said he, "but after forty-three years of it, don't you know, a man's all right."
"Mr. Williams, please," chirped the call-boy. And the countenance of Mr. Pineapple grew red under his make-up, and he shifted uneasily in his seat. Even the dozen of them felt the queer, scared feeling that somehow he was part of a record in London musical life.

PLUNGED IN A STREAM OF BURNING TAR.



While a huge pitch still was being tapped at the Fenton collieries, Stoke-on-Trent, on Thursday, the liquid mass burst into flames, enveloping the works and the neighbourhood in dense, suffocating clouds of pungent smoke. One workman, endeavouring to escape, plunged into a stream of burning tar from which he was rescued with difficulty by his plucky comrades.

(Drawn from special description and sketches for the "Mirror.")

GRETNA GREEN SURVIVES.

Runaway Marriages Still Made at the Border Village.

A new Marriage Bill has been laid on the table of the House of Commons by Mr. Cochrane for removing invalidity attaching to marriages by reason of some informality.

Now and again curious Home Office Bills are brought in to legalise marriages which are not strictly legal, and the present Bill will do much to raise the status of what are termed irregular marriages.

The law in Scotland is more elastic upon points of marriage law. A simple declaration by a man and woman in the presence of a couple of witnesses that they have determined to be man and wife is sufficient to constitute a union, which only the law can break.

Last year no fewer than 1,932 weddings of the Gretna Green type—that outlined above—took place in Scotland, and it will be a surprise to many people to learn that weddings of the runaway order are still celebrated at the famous border village.

We produce a genuine copy of the marriage certificate issued at Gretna in the present day.

SHIPPING KING.

Sir Donald Currie, Who Has Given £100,000 For Education.

Sir Donald Currie, who, with splendid generosity, has offered to give £100,000 to aid the cause of medical education in London, is another of those wonderfully successful Scotsmen who have commenced their lives among lowly surroundings.

At present he is lying ill, only allowed to sit up for a short time twice a day. All his friends sympathise deeply, knowing how much this enforced illness irks the most active septuagenarian of his age.

Sir Donald was born at Greenock in 1825, and his father was a barber.

At his first school in Belfast he pored for hours over books of travel and voyages. Ships were his playthings, and he had the biggest collection of toy boats in the school.

It was natural that he should choose a calling connected with the sea, and he entered a shipping office of a relative in Greenock. At eighteen he joined the Cunard staff offices at Liverpool. Before he was twenty he had the supervisory charge of all the cargo carried by the Cunard steamships between England and America.

It was not until 1862 that Sir Donald left the Cunard Line to start for himself. This was, of course, the Castle Line to South Africa and the East Indies. For some reason he had taken a dislike to steamships. "I am going," he declared

£100,000 FOR LONDON UNIVERSITY.



Sir Donald Currie, who announced on Thursday his intention of helping the amalgamation of London University and University College by a splendid gift, is the son of a Greenock barber, and started life as a clerk in the Cunard line. Contrary to the manner of most millionaires he had no early struggles.

[Drawn for the "Mirror" from a photo by Elliot & Fry.]

to a friend, "for all time out of the steam business." So his first liners were sailing vessels. But civilization had advanced, too, and later Sir Donald was forced to return to steam.

Sir Donald Currie sought to enter Parliament, first for Greenock. The electors would have none of him, and preferred a local merchant, a mistake they have since deplored. Some humorous incidents occurred during the campaign. A member of the opposition inquired one day concerning the candidate's antecedents: "Is it the case, Mr. Currie, that your father at one time was only a barber in the town?"

"Yes," was the immediate reply, "but if your father had been a barber, you would still have been a barber!"

THREE-SCORE YEARS A BELL-RINGER.

Leicester's oldest bell-ringer and one of the most familiar figures in the town is Mr. Frederick Hubbard, who for over three-score years has rung the bells of St. Mary's Church, Leicester, without a break. He was one of the ringers who rang out a merry peal when the late Queen and Prince Consort visited Leicester in 1843.

During his long term of office he has been bell-ringer for nine vicars and one curate-in-charge. To quote Mr. Hubbard's own words: "In days gone by bell-ringing was a more popular form of celebrating any event than it is now. We rang many peals in the days of the Crimean war, when news of victories was received, and on the conclusion of peace."

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Plague has appeared at Port Said.

A nest of young thrushes, fully fledged, was found this week at Twyford, Berks.

Many workmen engaged in the Northumberland collieries are now being discharged through slackness of trade.

Joseph Cash, an elderly greengrocer of Driffield, near Derby, was crossing the railway metals yesterday afternoon, when he was struck by an in-

Mr. D. W. Stevenson, a well-known sculptor, died in Edinburgh yesterday.

The execution of the Birmingham murderer, Charles Dyer, has been fixed for Easter Tuesday, but a petition for his reprieve is being prepared.

Lord Rosebery has promised to be present at the stone-laying of the new institute which has just been commenced in connection with the central mission at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.



KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND,
COUNTY OF DUMFRIES,
Parish of Gretna.

These are to Certify, to all whom they may concern: That

_____ from the Parish of _____
in the County of _____
and _____ from the Parish of _____
in the County of _____
being now both here present, and having declared to me that they are Single Persons, have now been Married after the manner of the Laws of Scotland. As witness our hands at Gretna, this _____ Day of _____

Parties

Witnesses

Priest

Marriages by declaration are still so common in Scotland that old Gretna Green finds it necessary to advertise that it is still in the business of aiding seekers after matrimony by publishing this certificate.

coming train, and so injured that he died as he was being taken to Derby Infirmary.

George Wheeler, a Bermondsey carpenter, has committed suicide by driving a chisel into his throat with a mallet.

Orders have been given for the armoured battleship Ajax, attached to the Sheerness reserve, to be sold from the Navy by auction.

Two passive resisters, one the Rev. Udy Bassett, at Birmingham yesterday elected to go to prison rather than pay the education rate.

Recent accidents to contractors' tumbrils have raised the question whether the Legislature should not make a brake compulsory for heavy two-wheeled carts.

Icelanders are emigrating to Canada in increasing numbers, and the Dominion Government has sent an energetic agent to the island to stimulate the movement.

Argentina gives an emphatic denial to reports published in New York papers regarding projected alliances by the south American nations against the United States.

Invited to contest Reigate in opposition to Captain Ransom, Conservative, because the latter is not a county man, Mr. C. H. Masters, J.P., of Barrow Green, Oxford, has declined.

An inquest was held at Farnham yesterday on an old man who died suddenly in a barber's shop. He had gone there to be shaved before attending the funeral of his housekeeper.

During the period February 3 to March 11 there were presented to the House of Commons 2,117 petitions, bearing 26,753 signatures, against alteration of the licensing laws in favour of the publican.

Giving evidence at an East London inquest, a witness said that because he left work in order to visit his dying mother in the Infirmary he was discharged from his employment in Wood-street, Cheapside.

In the Chancery Division yesterday, on the application of the East London Railway Company, an injunction was granted against the Thames Conservators restraining them from deepening the bed of the river so as to endanger the Thames Tunnel.

Francisca Holzbauer has become the terror of the Vienna Ambulance Corps. Since 1897 she has indulged in the excitement of attempted suicide 142 times. First time she did it in earnest in the street, and obtained donations from compassionate passers-by. Then she started on suicide as a business. She simulates grave symptoms of poisoning, and succeeds in getting a few days in the hospital free of cost.

Court-room, of which the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A., is superintendent.

Mr. John Burns is the possessor of a letter which was addressed a few days ago to a constituent at "Albert Bridge-road, Municipal Mecca," S.W. It found its way to Battersea undelivered.

Sir W. H. Wills, head of the Imperial Tobacco Company, who has offered to provide Bristol with a new art gallery, has declined to withdraw his condition that the gallery shall be open twenty Sundays every year.

Croydon Liberal and Radical Association have unanimously selected Mr. Cleland, who recently contested Lewisham against Major Coates, as Liberal candidate for the borough at the next election.

THE BULLET IN THE HAND.



This X-ray photograph betrays the existence of a bullet in Houdini's hand, memento of an attempt by desperadoes in Coffeyville, Kansas, to make the great locksmith join them in their war upon society.

[Drawn from an X-ray photo for the "Mirror."]

JUDGE AND "BACHELORS."

More Indignant Letters on Sir F. Jeune's Slur.

Unmarried men have not derived much comfort from the explanation of his sensational utterance which Sir Francis Jeune gave to a *Mirror* representative.

Bachelors all over the country are still writhing in hot indignation at the accusation which the eminent Judge has launched at them, and mothers, sisters, and fiancées join them in denunciation, and in stating in vigorous language their belief that the Judge's statement does not harmonise with facts.

"Even in the modified form in which Sir Francis Jeune put his statement to the *Mirror* representative," writes an "Indignant Bachelor," "it is still an unjustifiable utterance. For, although he now says that he did not intend to put unmarried men in the same category as Divorce Court respondents, still, he puts it that the respondent in the De Lisle divorce case was no better and no worse than the great majority of unmarried men. This is a most scandalous statement to make. It is very regrettable that a gentleman in Sir Francis Jeune's position should so wantonly insult a body of honestable men."

A London clergyman writes:—"I have followed your articles and correspondence on Sir Francis Jeune's unfortunate remark with great interest, and I am sure I am not alone among the clergy in believing that there is no foundation for the allegation made by the President of the Divorce Court. It is a terrible thing for a man in his high position to say, for his remarks carry such weight as to make it very important that he should not make a public utterance on such a matter without very grave consideration."

"I cannot help believing that his lordship spoke thoughtlessly, for he surely has sufficient judgment not to class all unmarried men of this country with the shameful specimens of manhood who furnish divorce court scandals."

"I am sure that if Sir Francis Jeune could realise the tremendous indignation which his statement has roused throughout the country he would, on mature consideration, entirely withdraw his uncalculated statement, or at least modify it considerably more than he has done."

"It would be a terrible outlook for the young girls of England, later to become wives, if Sir Francis Jeune's utterance were justified by facts."

HOUDINI AND CARDSHARPERS.

Story of the Bullet He Carries in His Hand to This Day.

Houdini, who on Thursday at the Hippodrome was successful in escaping from the *Mirror* handcuffs, was fifteen years ago working as a locksmith in the little town of Coffeyville, Kansas.

In private life Houdini was welcomed at social functions as "a card trick merchant"—one who could create a diversion at will by clever and extraordinary sleight-of-hand performances.

Certain citizens of Coffeyville were not so happy abiding as they might have been, and preferring card-sharping as a means of income to getting a living by manual toil, conceived the idea that Harry Houdini would, with his combination of skill as a locksmith and a manipulator of cards, be an invaluable partner.

So Mr. Houdini one day was waited on by the worthies in question, and it was delicately suggested to him that if he would pick a certain bag of goodly sum in dollars would be immediately his. Houdini immediately kicked the men from his room.

Plugged in the Hand.

That night Houdini was awakened from his slumbers. His two visitors of the morning held revolver-muzzles to his head.

"Now I just about reckon," said one, "that this gun will assist you mightily, Harry boy, to pick that 'ere lock, eh, pard?"

Park "opined it would," and quick-witted Houdini saw it would be his best chance to pretend to do as he was told.

He picked the lock, but entered the room swiftly and slammed the door behind him. In that room was a night-dress hanging on a nail, and in that room was a light-dress hanging on a nail, and in that room was a window in the room the desperadoes saw him trying to pick the other lock to make good his escape.

"Come down, darn yer," they growled, "or we'll plug yer, sure."

Houdini refused to come down, and true to their words they "plugged him, sure."

One of the bullets entered the back of Houdini's left hand, and there, despite surgical skill, it remains to this day. Our X-ray photograph shows this to be the case.

SALADS MADE OF FLOWERS.

With sunny spring comes the desire for green foods in the shape of salads. It is hoped to introduce into England this year salads made of flowers, many of which are popular abroad.

The nasturtium is frequently employed for this purpose, and the Japanese make whole salads of chrysanthemums.

In Switzerland young hop shoots are served as we serve asparagus.

"Yes," said the chef of a vegetarian restaurant to a *Mirror* representative, "I have made a salad of primroses, but it is very unusual in this country."

The *Mirror* representative was told in Covent Garden that the best salad is made of lettuce, dandelion leaf, beetroot, endive, and cucumber.

WHY THIN WINE-GLASSES ARE USED.

Some people are whimsical (says the "Lance") about the thickness of the lip of the drinking vessel, declaring that a good wine is spoiled which is put in a thick-lipped wine-glass. Thin-lipped glasses would appear to help the sense of appreciation of a delicate wine, but for what reason it is not easy to see unless it be that the sense of taste is keener when the mouth is nearly shut.

Certainly the act of sipping cannot be indulged in with the mouth extended, and sipping is distinctly a connoisseur's practice.

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WORSE THAN BRIDGE.

Fatal Effect of the Domino Craze
on City Men.

The bridge fever is not to be compared to the
domino fever. The former is the more fashionable
craze, and so it has been more written and talked
about. But dominoes claim in a humbler sphere of
life ten victims for every one that falls a prey to
bridge. For every society lady whose dressmaker
is going chequess through the passion for bridge
there are ten City clerks going lunchless through
the fatal fascination of dominoes.

For a long time the evil was confined to the City
cafés, but now there are signs that it is spreading
westward. Daily one can see immaculately-clad,
well-to-do gentlemen in the smoking-rooms of well-
known restaurants posing over problems in the
"fishing game" or "matador."

The evil side of dominoes is best seen in one
City café not very far from St. Paul's, where one
can daily see from a dozen to twenty hopeless
victims of the domino fever. They come at
twelve o'clock and stay playing till closing time.

One came in late the other evening with a band
of crape round his arm. "Relative of mine
died," he said, as he took his seat and shuffled
the stones, "and I'm horribly upset. Went to
the funeral and heard the will read afterwards.
She's only left me £20, and I've missed a day's
play. I'm horribly upset." And the others mur-
mured sympathy and carefully took the double
blank from under his thumb.

Many think dominoes a simple game, but no one
who has been in this café would have such an
opinion. Beside the "fishing," or "draw" game,
"matador," "whist," "poker," and "knock and
pass," they play there many fearful and wonderful
variations.

Some idea of the hopelessness of struggling
against a master may be gathered from the fact
that a good player will give an indifferent one fifty
in a hundred at the "draw" game.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Old Lady's Menagerie and an
Unhappy Official.

Madame Gandinol, proprietress of a tenement in
the Rue Vietruve (telegraphs our Paris correspond-
ent), is a good-hearted old soul, who lives on the
ground-floor of her property.

She is fond of animals, and has gradually col-
lected a regular menagerie around her, including
some fowls, two parrots, and several stray dogs
and cats. Last week a sucking-pig was added
to the collection.

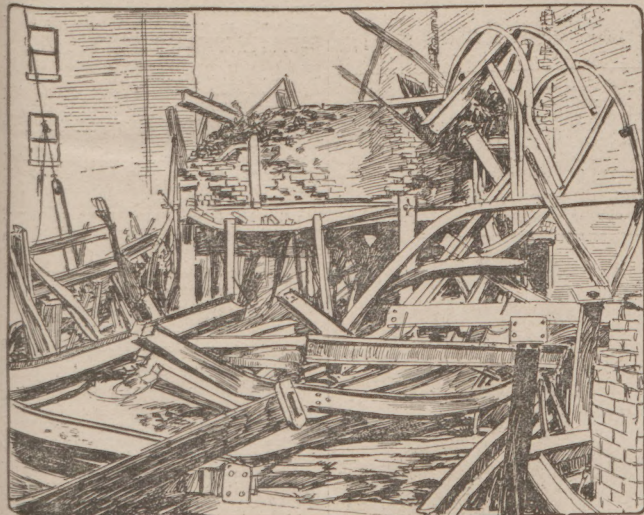
A few days later a tenant who had been ex-
pelled for non-payment of rent informed Madame
Gandinol that she had no licence to keep animals,
and that he meant to inform the Treasury officials.

Next day a man who said he was a municipal
inspector called and handed to Madame a sum-
mons for keeping animals without authority, and
every day for several days fresh summonses were
served upon the poor old lady.

In her despair she appealed to a local tax-
collector whom she knew, and he informed her,
to her great relief, that she had been the victim
of a practical joke.

But she determined to have some sort of revenge.

COLLAPSE OF A NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER.



Out of the tangled mass of a New York skyscraper, which fell suddenly on March 3,
for the bodies of nine dead and one living man were taken. This photograph, taken for
the "Mirror," shows clearly the task which confronted the rescuers and the terrible
result of collapse in the case of these gigantic, but often flimsily constructed,
steel buildings.

On the following day another inspector called and
presented to Madame an official tax-paper. He
had, however, no sooner stated his business than
Madame Gandinol seized a convenient broom-stick
and thrashed the unfortunate official unmercifully
with it. She was assisted in her efforts by her
neighbours, who had become acquainted with the
affair, and between them the man had a pitiful
time.

He managed to escape at last from the vengeful
women, but, unfortunately for Madame Gandinol,
her visitor on this occasion proved to be a genuine
tax-collector, and now the poor old lady will have
to answer a real summons for assaulting a func-
tionary in the discharge of his duty.

GHOST OF A ROYAL ROMANCE.

George IV. and Mrs. Siddons—Secret
Passage Found in Baker-street?

If Mrs. Siddons or King George IV. ever used
a subterranean passage crossing Upper Baker-
street the world will be informed of the fact next
week. There is no evidence to-day beyond a
trap-door discovered deep in the cellars of the
great actress's house, disclosing a brick-lined pit,
with iron foot-holds, leading somewhere 14 feet
below. A workman smashed this door with his
sledge-hammer a day or two ago on behalf of the

mysterious journeyings through this passage to
some unknown destination.
Also in the Druce case there were statements
made regarding a subterranean passage in Baker-



TO WELCOME OUR SINCERE FRIENDS.

This is the cover, with English and Japanese flags
combined, of the book issued to celebrate the arrival
of the cruiser Nishin and Kasuga taken out to Japan
by English crews at the commencement of hostilities.

street. But the solution of the whole mystery
awaits the pleasure of the workmen, and they say
"next week."

At Liverpool yesterday a jury returned a verdict
of Wilful Murder against George Kirwan, who
fatally shot his sister-in-law and seriously injured
his wife.

Cosmopolitan and Guide Offices.

specially provided for the foreign natives bringing the
Imperial Japanese cruisers
"NISHIN" and "KASUGA"
from Europe
Yokohama Office: Suzuki Transport Agents, No. 13,
Asahi Cho.
Yokohama Office: "Inkui-ya" Hotel-Transport Agents
Hosoda & Ichime

MAN WITH NINE LIVES.

Etienne Cachet, a bargeman employed on the
St. Martin's Canal, evidently bears a charmed
existence (telegraphs our Paris correspondent).

On February 27, about 8 p.m., he was walking
along the bank of the Seine, near the Austerlitz
Bridge, when three individuals came up behind
and fired two shots from a revolver at him.

Cachet was only slightly wounded in the head,
but he lost consciousness, and his aggressors,
believing they had killed him, threw him into the
river. The shock, however, revived Cachet, and
he was just able to save his life by swimming to
the bank.

Last night he was the object of another
murderous attack.

Three scavengers who were walking near the
Quai de Jemmapes, heard desperate cries for help
coming from the direction of the canal. On
hastening to the bank they saw a man struggling
violently in the water.

The men managed with difficulty to get him out,
and conveyed him to the hospital more dead than
alive. When he could speak he said he was walk-
ing along a lonely part of the canal bank when
three men suddenly rushed upon him, tied his
hands behind his back, and threw him into the
water.

The police are investigating these mysterious
outrages, which are believed to be due to
vengeance.

THE LONELY PRINCESS.

Preparations are being made (says our Geneva
correspondent) at the chateau at Lindau, on Lake
Constance, for the reception of the ex-Crown Prin-
cess Louise of Saxony. She is expected from the
Isle of Wight towards the middle of March. She
is to be allowed to see her children during her stay.

The parents of the Princess are expected to pay
their daughter a visit, and it is hoped a reconcilia-
tion between husband and wife may be effected.

Railway Fares From Yokohama.

Yokohama.		Train Leaves	
1st Class	2nd Class	Yokohama	Yokohama
Yen	Yen	P. M.	A. M.
To Yokohama 1.05	.65	2.55	1.15
" Tokyo 1.87	1.11	6.35	2.55
" Otsu 4.28	2.70	1.15	7.55
" Osaka 5.02	3.23	2.05	8.45
" Nagoy 8.58	4.99	2.85	9.35
" Kyoto 11.95	6.98	3.02	10.50
" Osaka 11.76	6.81	3.02	10.50
" Kobe 12.24	7.15	4.05	11.25
" Hiroshima 16.74	10.15	6.05	1.25
" Suetsu 22.29	14.90	7.15	2.00

P. S. Legation of passenger of 1st Class to be carried free out night,
from 9.00 Yen, 2nd Class 6.00 Yen, and 3rd Class 3.00 Yen.

The P. A. O. S. N. Co's Steamship "Bernese" will leave
Yokohama on the 26th February, arriving at London about
the 26th April.

Passage: Cabin £ 50, 2nd Class £ 25. The "Bernese"
will connect with the Mail steamer "Ballarat" at Shanghai
and with the "Australia" at Colombo.
Passage: Cabin £ 60, 2nd Class £ 30.

Cabled reports of the warm reception given to the Englishmen who took the new
Japanese cruisers out to the East are confirmed by the receipt of this unique
memento, a little booklet showing how the men were welcomed and how provision
was made for their safe return to England. The English of the booklet is not
quite according to Lindley Murray, but a London printer would hardly have done
better with Japanese.

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

DECLARATIONS OF LOVE.

The Amusing Letters of a Versatile Clerk Who Broke His Faith with a Widow.

Georgina Ada Frasier is a widow lady, who keeps a tobacconist's shop in Shaftesbury-avenue. Mr. James Outridge Spindelov is a gentleman whose occupations take much more space to set out. They are as under:—

1. Clerk to a firm of well-known solicitors, who were clerks to the justices of the Soho Division.
2. Parish constable.
3. Sexton.
4. Sub-inspector of nuisances.
5. Coroner's officer.
6. Verger.
7. Vestry messenger.
8. Rent collector.
9. Licensing clerk.

Both lady and gentleman appeared before Mr. Justice Darling yesterday as plaintiff and defendant respectively in an action for breach of promise of marriage.

At the age of forty-six, Mrs. Frasier, who is the daughter of a licensed victualler, made the acquaintance of Mr. Spindelov over the tobacco counter.

Introduction Over Rent.

It was in his capacity of rent collector that he first visited her, and he came to the shop again, and again, and again.

But it was not as a rent collector that he came. He visited the shop to whisper tender messages across the counter.

There was at first a bar to their union. Mr. Spindelov had a wife living, whom he did not wish to divorce because he was a verger. But love found a way and the couple were united in heart by a sentimental marriage service read over them from a prayer-book by Mr. Frasier's cousin, Miss Charlotte Turner.

The contract between the two lovers was set down in a document in black and white:—

I, James Outridge Spindelov, do make oath, and say that I love you, Georgina Ada Frasier, sincerely and devotedly, and no other; that I will be kind and loving to you always, sharing with you your joys and sorrows, and I will keep to you and you only so long as we both shall live.

A completer union became possible when, in 1901, Mr. Spindelov's wife died.

But then Mr. Spindelov's love began to cool, said Mr. Gill, and he went and married a lady employed at the Hippodrome.

But before it cooled it burnt very brightly indeed, as extracts from letters read by Mr. Gill amply proved.

'Buzzing Round a Jam Pot.'

Here are some of the extracts:—

"I am like a fly buzzing round a jam pot, and occasionally getting a bit."

Another extract ran:—

"Love is not kind to me. It seems to be the one thing that cripples me. It breaks me to pieces. It haunts me night and day. It unites me for my daily task."

Another extract made the Court wonder why Mr. Spindelov in his capacity of inspector of nuisances did not put a stop to himself. It said that he was "full of machinery that might go snap at any moment," and that "he had been singing at the top of his voice about his love."

40,000,000 Kisses.

Mr. Justice Darling lost patience when an extract was read from a letter in which Mr. Spindelov sent Mrs. Frasier "40,000,000 kisses."

"It puzzles me how anybody could keep such rubbish," his lordship said.

The reason given by Mr. Spindelov for breaking off the match was that he objected to the "mashers" who came to Mrs. Frasier's shop, especially the mashers "who put her stockings on for her."

The origin of this delusion on Mr. Spindelov's part was explained by Miss Charlotte Turner. One of the customers gallantly offered to buy Mrs.



MRS. GEORGINA ADA FRASIER

was once loved by James O. Spindelov, who filled many parochial offices in Soho. She is now suing him for breach of promise in the High Court, and asks substantial damages.

(Sketches in Court by a "Mirror" artist.)

Frasier some stockings "if she would let him put them on." Mrs. Frasier agreed. When the customer came with the stockings the lady explained that when this gentleman proposed to "put stockings on" he meant "on himself." So she won her stockings without any complications that Mr. Spindelov could complain of.

Mrs. Frasier, splendidly attired in black silk and heliotrope, said that she consented to marry Mr. Spindelov when he told her across the counter that he had no one to love him, and was going to kill himself. They kissed—across the counter—and Mr. Spindelov did not kill himself.

This touching story will be resumed in court to-day.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN DIVORCE.

Startling Evidence by a Pretty Devonshire Girl and by Two Former Employees of Slaters's in the Pollard Case.

There were two remarkable episodes yesterday in the sensational trial that has now occupied the Divorce Court three days.

The first episode was the story of Maud Goodman, the Plymouth girl, whose evidence in the trial of 1902 procured a divorce for Mrs. Pollard against her husband, Mr. Pollard.

Maud Goodman is a typical Devonshire girl, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, and she told her tale in the choicest Devon patois.

Before she began the President pointed out that the question being tried—for it was no use mincing matters—was whether Mr. Osborn had connived the case against Mr. Pollard.

Maud's story was as follows: She was walking one day in Plymouth with a companion named Louisa Ford, when a strange man spoke to them.

vice, so she wrote to him explaining the situation, and asking him what it was best to do. Mr. Osborn wrote back to say that there would be no harm in telling the gentleman from the King's Proctor when he came again—supposing he really did come from the King's Proctor—that what she had already said was perfectly true.

She Had Made a Mistake.

The King's Proctor's man did come again, and he insisted on confronting Maud with Mr. Pollard. Then Maud said that she had made a mistake. She had never been intimate with Mr. Pollard, and she told Mr. Murray so.

It was evident that Mr. Bray had been watching developments, for he turned up again, and pointed out to her that she had already identified Mr. Pollard on the Hoe. Then he produced another statement, of the same nature as the first

statement when she signed it—well, she had to believe it whether she wanted to or not.

The second remarkable episode of the day took place towards the end of the afternoon when two former employees of Slaters's gave evidence. The first of these was a man named Stephens.

Pollard "Too Straight."

He met Mr. Osborn in Plymouth in July, 1902, he said, although he, Stephens, was not engaged on the Pollard case. Mr. Osborn then told him that "Pollard was altogether too straight, but that

A WITNESS FOR THE KING'S PROCTOR.



In the High Court yesterday Maud Goodman told the story of the part she is alleged to have played in the sordid drama known as "the astonishing Pollard divorce."

(by a "Mirror" artist.)

She afterwards found out that this man's name was Bray, and that he was one of Slaters's detectives. He got into conversation with the girls, and asked them whether they knew a Mr. Pollard. Walking along they saw a gentleman with his back turned to them, and Bray said, "That is our man."

Getting a full-face view of this gentleman some time afterwards on the Hoe, Maud told the detective that she was under the impression that she had known him.

On hearing this, Bray went with her to the house which she frequented, and drew up a written statement. She signed it. It was to the effect that she had miscondoned herself with a Mr. Pollard, whom she had identified.

Bray went away with the statement, and a few days afterwards Maud and Louisa received £1 each by letter from Mr. Osborn, to whom they had written, asking for something for their trouble.

Maud's Visit to the Divorce Court.

There was more "trouble" in front of Maud. She heard that she would be wanted in a divorce case to be tried in London, and just before the case came on four gentlemen came down from London. These gentlemen were Mr. Osborn, Mr. Bray, a Mr. McKenna, and another gentleman.

It was under the escort of these gentlemen that Maud travelled to London, taking with her to keep her company her friend Louisa, a girl named Nellie Bell, and a Mrs. Gordon.

The whole party were very well treated when in town. They stayed at Matcham's Hotel, and they had all their expenses paid. When Maud was called as a witness at the trial she was taken to the Law Courts in a cab, and when she went back to Plymouth, she had £4 given her by Mr. McKenna on Paddington platform. Her friends also had £3 apiece, and altogether it was a very pleasant holiday that they all had.

But Maud had not finished her connection with the Pollard case. Some months afterwards Mr. Murray, the representative of the King's Proctor in Plymouth, came to her and told her that she might be wanted to give evidence again. Mr. Murray told her some things that surprised her about the case.

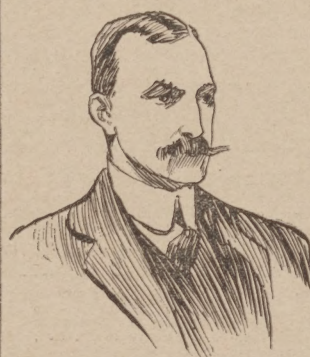
Close on Mr. Murray's heels followed Mr. Bray. When he heard what Mr. Murray had said he remarked: "If you have to go to London again stand by us. You cannot go back on what you have said."

Maud thought it best to take Mr. Osborn's ad-

vice, and was very anxious that she should sign it. So pressing was he that he stayed all the afternoon, until eleven o'clock at night. But she refused to sign.

Undeterred by his rebuff Mr. Bray turned up again the next morning with the statement, but after an hour's persuasion Maud still refused her signature.

After this she did not see Mr. Bray until she arrived at Paddington to attend the present trial.



MR. STEVENS.

once in the employ of Slaters's Detective Agency, yesterday made statements regarding Mr. Osborn's part in the Pollard case.

(Sketches in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

Mr. Bray was on the platform waiting for her, and attempted to speak to her. Maud, however, refused the honour of a requested conversation.

When she came up to London before, for the first trial, Mr. Osborn had read her statement to her, Maud added.

Sir Edward Clarke did not get much that was important from Maud in cross-examination. She admitted that Mr. Osborn had told her that he only wanted the truth. As to whether she believed her



MR. OSBORN.

the solicitor who is alleged to have persuaded Maud Goodman to "identify" Pollard.

(Sketches in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

what the Captain (Mr. Slater) and he (Mr. Osborn) could not do in one way they would have to do in another."

In another conversation Mr. Osborn was discussing the question of young women's evidence, and remarked that any judge and jury would believe him (Mr. Osborn) rather than loose women.

In Plymouth Mr. Stephens also met Bray, and talked about what the firm were doing in the Pollard case with him. One day Bray remarked, "You are quite right, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Osborn and the Captain are playing a bit thick, but an end will come to this dirty work, and I shall be drawn into it."

"Was anything else said in conversation?" Mr. Stephens was asked.

Being Sucked Dry.

Mr. Stephens: There was a remark made that it was time the matter was brought to an end, as the Pollard people were being sucked dry.

The witness added that he left Slaters's on account of some accusations made against him by "Captain Scott" (Mr. Slater).

Cross-examined by Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Stephens said that he found the money to set up the rival detective agency, whose advertisements appeared next to Slaters's in advertisement columns of newspapers.

More office secrets of Slaters's were revealed when a former clerk of theirs named Morrison gave evidence. He said that he had had conversations in the office with Bray, and that the latter had told him that Mr. Osborn had paid a £10 for Maud's statement. Mr. Osborn, according to Bray, had also tapped his pocket and said, "This is what has done it."

The hearing will be resumed on Tuesday next.

"MERELY IN FUN."

Wife Finds That Her Husband is Not Her "Darling Boy."

In one of her husband's pockets a Mrs. Thrift found a letter from a young woman. It had been addressed to his business premises and began, "My darling boy," and ended "Dearest love from Edie." Asked for an explanation, Mr. Thrift laughingly replied that it was merely "a lark." However, Mrs. Thrift went to the address given in the letter and found that her husband's correspondent was a Miss Edith Parry. In addition to this she discovered that Mr. Thrift had left the firm of publishers to whom he had been salesman and was assisting Miss Parry with her business in Rosebery-avenue, Gray's Inn-road.

Mr. Thrift explained at Wood Green Police Court, where his wife summoned him for desertion, that the letter in question was written for the fun of the thing, to bring his wife to her senses. He did not think he was Miss Parry's "darling boy." Miss Parry did not pay him for looking after the shop, but he sometimes helped himself.

The magistrates granted a separation.

It was decided by a divisional court yesterday that Barnstable justices must issue a distress warrant in a passive resistance case they had adjourned until August on the ground "that the law was a bad one, and as Parliament was sitting the resisters would have an opportunity to get it repealed."

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-DAY, at 3 and 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Proceeds, at 2.30 and 5.20 by THE WIDOW WOOL.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.
TO-DAY at 2.15 and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watt) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
TO-DAY at 2, and EVERY EVENING at 9.
MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.
Mr. LEWIS WALLER

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
By Sydney Grundy.
At 8.15 & 10.15 & 12.15.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
TO-DAY at 2.15, and TO-NIGHT at 8.15, (jointly),
an English version, by Rudolf Deschmann, of Otto Erich
Hartleben's Play ROSENMONTAG, entitled
LOVE'S CARAVAN.
Lieutenant Hans Rudolf, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

THE OXFORD. LITTLE TICH.
Add. Carlo, Norman French, MIKE & WHALLEY,
Howard and St. Clair, MARK MELFORD, Sisters Jong-
mans, BRON, BOBBETT, Maisie Ellinger, Nelly Loomis and
her Pantomime, and other stars. Open 7.30. SATUR-
DAY MATINEES at 2.30.
Manager—Mr. Albert Gilmer.

GRAND IRISH FESTIVAL.
QUEEN'S HALL, TO-NIGHT at 7.45.
Artists: Madame Cossetti-Heller, Mabel Braine, Joseph
O'Mara, R. Watkins Mills, The Irish Ladies' Choir from
Dublin; harpists, Walter Churcher, Will Edwards, McCall
Chambers, Clifton Barrett; National Dances, Willie Murray;
Irish Harp Solo, Esther Conless. Exhibition latest An-
imated Photographs. Tickets, 2s, 6d, 1s, 6d, 1s.—Obtain-
able Polytechnic, Regent-street. Admission Sixpence.
THE NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

PERSONAL.

WANTED to purchase, volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch,"
for each year from 1801 to 1913 inclusive, and for the
years 1825 and 26, and 1869, 70, and 71.—Address M.
"Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite House, E.C.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
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TELEPHONE: 1310 and 1319, Holborn.
The West End Office of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*
etc. etc. is at
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1986, Grosvenor.
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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND"

Wars often have a way of benefiting nations which are not taking part in them. The war in the Far East is a case in point. It does not look like doing Russia any good, and it is possible in the long run, if it drags on for a period extending into years, that it may leave Japan also worse off than when it began. But it has already had an excellent effect upon the relations between this country and France, and apparently that effect will soon be crystallised into a settlement of the troublesome questions which have been at issue for so long between us and our neighbours across the Channel.

We both have a strong reason for wishing to clear away all possible causes of dispute. The more friendly we are, the less chance there is that we shall be caught into the whirling wheels of the conflict between Russia and Japan. Diplomats on either side have therefore been straining every nerve to settle the matters which prevent the two countries from being in perfect agreement. Chief among these is the question of our right to remain in Egypt. We ourselves have made up our minds on that point long ago. We are there, and we are going to stay there. But it would be much better for us to stay there with France as a cheerfully consenting instead of a perpetually protesting party.

Apparently France will alter her attitude with regard to Egypt if we agree to recognise her as the "paramount Power" in Morocco. This means that the whole of North-West Africa will some day be a French India. But that need not disturb us unduly. We have quite as many African interests already as we can comfortably and profitably attend to, and to play the part of dog in the manger would be neither dignified nor decent.

If Mr. Balfour can bring to a happy conclusion the attempts (which are already well advanced) to remove all the outstanding Anglo-French difficulties, he will make his Premiership memorable by at least one great service to his fellow-countrymen.

WORKMEN'S FARES.

It is generally to be noticed that the tender solicitude for the interests of the working-man displayed by Liberal members of Parliament is conspicuous by its absence as soon as they get outside the House of Commons. Here is

Mr. Perks, M.P., for instance, that stalwart of Liberalism, contending that on the railway in which he is interested workmen's fares should be abolished altogether. We have not the division lists before us, but we venture a guess that Mr. Perks has never taken up this attitude when a question of providing workmen's trains at cheap rates has been before Parliament.

What he said yesterday before the Traffic Commission was that workmen could well afford to pay 2d. for each journey instead of 2d. for the two, and he backed up his opinion by pointing out that most workmen found themselves able to pay for six or seven glasses of ale a day. Now, we do not believe, to begin with, that "most workmen" drink anything like as much as that; but, even if they do, that would be a very poor argument. Just as reasonably might a cabman invite Mr. Perks to pay him double fare on the ground that a well-to-do M.P. has six or seven hats or six or seven suits of clothes a year, although he could manage to look respectable with two or three.

We shall be very glad to see a uniform two-penny fare introduced on the Underground, but it would be a hard measure to make the early-morning workman pay twice as much as he does at present for getting to and from his work.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

"Some boys tried to pull off my shamrock, and I had to preserve my nationality," said an old lady, charged at Westminster with being disorderly. She learned that she would have done better to follow the prevailing fashion and preserve her neutrality.

The Russian police have a smart way of detecting a Jap spy masquerading as a Chinaman. They seize the pigtail of the suspect and pull it vigorously, and if, when it comes off, there is no evidence of its being a genuine growth, the guilt of the owner may safely be assumed. If, on the other hand, it proves to be real hair, the supposed spy seldom gives further trouble.

According to an American paper, M. Santos Dumont is a sort of modern Romeo, Juliet being represented by a lady with the less poetical name of Lurline Spreckles. If the parents continue unkind the airship ought to come in handy in the balcony scene.

The first shipment of Cape fruit to this country came from the Government farms, which are worked entirely by convicts. These are all good-conduct men, whose sentences have nearly expired, so that to work on the fruit farms is an evidence of regeneration. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

An evening contemporary pleads for at least one long night's sleep in the week, a sleep from which one wakes naturally. It is only necessary to let your eye wander over

the interior of a church on Sunday morning to realise how many men already indulge in a big weekly dose of nature's divine restorer. Even the few who are present generally try to make up for lost time during the sermon.

From San Paulo, Brazil, there comes news of a wonderful tree which emits luminous rays in the night, so that you may sit under it and read your newspaper with ease and comfort. As soon as enlightened travellers get out of a forest in San Paulo they lose themselves in the impenetrable gloom of the open country.

THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

One of the most trying ordeals in social intercourse is the family breakfast-table. Every variety of discomfort and disadvantage may be encountered at the matutinal meal, and human nature can be said to appear at its very worst.—Madame.

Dear "Madame," I should like to say

That I, at least, am able

To be extremely blithe and gay

At this, my Breakfast Table;

For here no mortal ever weeps,

Or feels oppressed and solemn;

I never give good people creeps

All down the spinal column.

Though other tables may be cursed

With demons that reside there,

Though human nature at its worst

May often be espied there,

Though there black looks may scorch the

toast

And clouds each brow encumber,

Yet mine, if I for once may boast,

Is not among the number.

Nay, more, it never crossed my mind

(Although your word is final)

That people took in mood unkind

Refreshment matutinal;

I never found the manners there

Particularly shady;

But—well, of course, I shouldn't care

To contradict a lady.

The Army Council has decided that during the war no applications from officers desiring to go on leave of absence to Japan, China, Korea, or Manchuria shall be entertained. Fortunately there are still one or two places left where military men may spend their summer holidays. Margate and Southend are still neutral territory.

The Kaiser has sent to the Reichstag another sketch giving diagrams of all the British warships built since 1900. Owing to its being regarded as the precursor of a great increase in the proposed naval expenditure the document has been received with qualified enthusiasm. The Great William's little bills are things to shudder at.

The North London Railway Company has assured Mr. Gerald Balfour that they try to prevent overcrowding, but they cannot keep the passengers out of the trains. It is hard on the poor company that the public should insist upon breaking the law and swelling the dividends in this fashion, but perhaps if the railway companies were fined like the bus companies for overcrowding they might try so hard to prevent it that they might actually succeed.

DEADLY WORK OF A SUBMARINE MINE.



Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will remember this incident of their visit to Portsmouth on Thursday. It was a realistic display of the destructive power of a submarine mine, made more notable by the fact that at the time it occurred news came of the blowing up of a Russian torpedo-boat destroyer by the same means outside Port Arthur. While the Russians lost the Skori and fifty-one gallant seamen, the Portsmouth experiment resulted only in the skyward rush of one hundred dummies and the total destruction of an old long-boat.

(Drawn at Portsmouth by a "Mirror" artist.)

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

OVERCROWDED TRAINS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

You have earned the gratitude of thousands by your article of to-day, illustrating the overcrowding on the "Underground." On the District this has been going on for seventeen years, and it has another aspect, which I should like to bring to your notice.

Those unfortunates to whom tickets are issued, but for whom no accommodation is provided, and who, therefore, rather than be left behind, are compelled by the company's own mismanagement to crowd into carriages of a superior class, are pumpled upon and exhaled by a staff of "examiners," and latterly on the Wimbledon line, in order to aid this profitable pastime, a second-class carriage has been taken off each train, thus giving another carriageful to be exhaled daily.

In fact the (mis)management has got such a mania for ticket-hunting and snipping that it has no time or inclination to attend to such matters as punctuality, or even cleanliness, which a real railway affords.

March 17.

A SUFFERER.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

With reference to the overcrowding of trains at Walthamstow it would be much better if the Board of Trade were represented at Hoe-street Station some morning from 7.30 to 7.45. Here it would be found that the platform is blocked from end to end.

I travelled to the City this morning by the 7.40 from Hoe-street, and there were certainly no vacant seats, and many of the passengers were standing.

The fact is, Walthamstow is too much for the G.E.R., and we are badly in want of a tube touching Coppermill-lane, Forest-road (Lloyd's Park), and Wood-street.

March 16.

A WALTHAMSTOW WORKMAN.

PENNY STAMP BOOKS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

When it was announced a short time since that the Post Office authorities were about to issue postage stamps in books, the idea was welcomed as a good one, as stamps made up in this form are a great convenience. They have now been introduced, but why charge 4d.—or over 42 per cent.—for a convenience which is as much to the advantage of the Post Office as to the public?

At present they are only made up in 2s. books. Why not make the minimum quantity in this form 1s.? This is a quantity likely to be more often in demand. Handling the stamps out in this form must be a saving of time to the Post Office counter people. The present form of book, however, needs to be improved upon.

ONE OF THE PUBLIC.

"YOU LONDONERS NEVER THINK."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

At a dinner-party a few days ago a prominent North-country man, speaking of the political situation, made a somewhat startling declaration. "Ah," he said contemptuously, "but you Londoners never think. You take your work and your pleasure mechanically, without the least attempt at looking below the surface." He turned to a clergyman sitting at the table; "Is it not so?" he asked. The Churchman looked surprised, and reflected a moment. "I am really afraid you are right," he replied. "It is an amazing accusation, but is it not true? Do we think?"

LONDONER.

TEAMS WHICH WILL MEET IN THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND FOR

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY AFTER THEIR VICTORY OVER THE 'SPURS—



Back Row—R. Ferrier, W. Hemingfield, F. Thackery. Middle Row—J. Davis (asst. trainer), W. Layton, A. Langley, J. Lyall, T. Crawshaw, H. Ruddlesdin, P. Frith (trainer). Bottom Row—V. S. Simpson, H. Davis, H. Chapman, A. Wilson, J. Mallock, F. Spikesley, G. Simpson. Plymouth Bowl. League Championship Cup. [Photo—W. T. Furniss, Sheffield.]

—WILL MEET MANCHESTER CITY AT LIVERPOOL THIS AFTERNOON.



Ashworth, T. Maley (secretary), McMahon. Back Row—Livingstone, Drummond, Hynds, Davidson, Hillman, Holmes, Edmundson, J. Moffatt. Middle Row—Meredith, Craigie, Jones, Burgess, Frost, Bannister, Pearson, Threlfall, Moffatt. Bottom Row—Broad, Slater, Dearden, Gillespie, Lyons, Turnbull, McOustra, Booth, Foreman. [Photo copyright—E. Hulton & Co., Manchester.]

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED M



Back Row—Lat [Photo]



Back Row—Bro [Photo]

FINAL ROUND FOR THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION CUP TO-DAY.

IN THE OTHER SEMI-FINAL CUP TIE TO-DAY DERBY COUNTY—



Back Row—Latham (trainer), J. Methven, W. H. Sargent, H. Maskrey, C. Morris. Second Row—B. Warren, B. Hall, J. May, H. Newbold (secretary). Third Row—J. T. Mercer, S. Bloomer (captain), G. Davis. Bottom Row—C. Leckie, J. Hodgkinson, G. H. Richards, J. Warrington. (Derby, Derby.)

—WILL MEET BOLTON WANDERERS AT WOLVERHAMPTON.



Back Row—Brown, Lewis, Freebairn, Clifford, Watson, Robertson, Broomfield, Greenhalgh, Davies, Yeuson, Struthers, Boyd. Middle Row—Stokes, White, Marsh, Wright, Taylor. Bottom Row—Hanson, Barlow. (Cowley Bros., Bolton.)

DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES PER DAY.

AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

CHAPTER For the Honour
XXVII. of the Name.

Miles Farmiloe raised a deprecating hand. "Dear Pauline, how abrupt! Do you mind—making fast that door? Your French maid has already interrogated me once—I am presuming, of course, that you would prefer our conversation to remain private."

Pauline looked at him with loathing in her eyes, and turned back to lock the door, but he was before her.

"Allow me," he said politely, turned the key, and slipped it in his pocket. "Now," he continued suavely, "we are free from unnecessary interruption. I have taken the liberty, you observe, of ascertaining that there is no other mode of entrance. I trust that you will forgive the intrusion into your other apartments. Won't you sit down? You look pale."

She obeyed him because she had not the strength to stand, sinking down on a cushioned lounge.

"How dare you come here?" she said weakly, and repeated her question. "It is an act of madness. What do you want?"

He sat down opposite to her and leaned forward, his hands, in unfamiliar attitude, on his knees. "How gauche you have become all of a sudden!" he said. "You never had much regard for the amenities of life. A really tactful woman—a woman anxious to please—would have begun by some well-turned congratulation upon my success in evading the unpleasant consequences of a judicial error."

Pauline made a quick, fierce exclamation of disgust. "I have no desire—!" she burst out, but he interrupted her with a swift movement of his hand.

"Tut, tut! the obvious again, dear Pauline!" She leaned forward, looking keenly at his face; he met her scrutiny with a smiling look, a smile she could not understand, which yet, in spite of herself, moved her to appeal to him. She laid her fingers on his arm.

"Miles," she whispered, imploringly, "to what can I appeal?—to the old days—to the love you once had for me—to all that was best in you, in me?—What can I say or do? If you are careless, have you no mercy upon me that you come here, risking your life, endangering my name, putting the honour in—oh," she broke off, impulsively, clasping her hands. "Are you a devil? Speak, what do you want? Don't you know that the time is flying, that at any moment my husband may come and find you here? Think of the consequences of discovery to yourself—apart from me!"

He put up his hands to his ears, as though to stem the current of her words. "Since you insist upon it," he began, then broke off, and rising, walked to the fire, kicking aimlessly at the logs upon it. "I hate to ask anything of you," he said, after a pause; "that's the naked truth; I hate you. I don't know what it is about you, Pauline, but the very sight of you stirs up the devil in me. Gad! Twenty minutes ago with Cynthia I felt an angel—now for two straws I'd go downstairs and give my name and history to your butler!"

She stared at him in stupefied surprise. The coldness of his contempt, coming like a water douche upon the firework of her emotion, steadied her! She caught convulsively at the corded cushions of the lounge on which she sat.

"Did you, may one ask, adopt that singularly unbecoming costume, run no inconsiderable risk, and force your way into my house, merely to do what you would call 'insist upon the obvious'?" I think there was little doubt in my mind as to the state of your feelings towards me even before I received that never-to-be-forgotten note at Settle-on-Sea—more years ago now than one altogether cares to remember."

He did not answer for a moment, but stood staring at the fire.

"No, you're right. I'm a fool, Pauline," he said at last. "I can't get over the habit I have of occasionally speaking the truth—occasionally. Any man with an ounce of sense in his composition, coming to a woman who has been to him what you have been to me, to ask what I am going to ask, would have had the common decency to, at any rate, veil his feelings—yet I blurt out the truth. Pauline, I'm done; I admit it. My life is as completely in your hands as was the life of Siera in the hands of Jael."

He turned a quizzical face to her. "Will you be more merciful? Can you hide me anywhere—assist

me to any disguise which will enable me to leave this house unrecognized?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and threw out his hands towards her, with a marvellously eloquent eloquence of one puzzled.

For the moment all remembrance of the situation fled from her. The man's mental attitude arrested her; unconsciously the tension of her pose relaxed. She pushed back the masses of her hair from her forehead with the action of one puzzled. "What in the world's name can I do for you?" she asked. He groaned. "And they talk of a woman's wit! My dear Pauline, for goodness know how many weary days I have been devising methods of eluding that miraculous attention which the common-place mind is so ready to lavish upon a person escaped from what is erroneously called justice. I have personated a variety of uninteresting people. I have hobbled with coal-heavers, and rubbed elbows with the dullest head at Crompton's."

He said poverty makes you acquainted with strange bedfellows—I have not been poor, but—ye gods! he laughed lightly. "The bedfellows necessity has thrown me up against! Now my inventiveness is at an end. That is a distressing admission, but nothing to what follows. My comrade, Pauline, for goodness know how many weary days I have been devising methods of eluding that miraculous attention which the common-place mind is so ready to lavish upon a person escaped from what is erroneously called justice. I have personated a variety of uninteresting people. I have hobbled with coal-heavers, and rubbed elbows with the dullest head at Crompton's."

He laid his station at the fire, and came across

"Pauline," I'm the worst of bad lots—I've treated you abominably—even to-day I have insulted you, gratuitously, unwarrantably—now I ask you to show the spark of the Divine which exists in every woman, so they say, towards the man she first loved. My dear," he laid one soft, warm hand upon hers, and she quivered, and all unwillingly allowed it to remain beneath that contaminating touch.

"Pauline, we can't get away from that. I was the first man. Poor old Woodruffe! It's awful sad that, for all his virtue, and ability, and worth, years and years ago those grim old sisters should have woven it into their pattern that he was to play second fiddle."

He smiled into her eyes, and the woman drew away her hand suddenly, with a little sound of pain and fear.

"You're not a man, Miles," she said, slowly, as if the words were wrung from her. "I always knew that; you're a devil. No man born of a woman could be so fiendish."

"Forgive me," he ejaculated her again with his voice. "I did not mean to say that. I hardly know what I meant to say. Pauline, you're awfully beautiful, more beautiful than you were in those days. I wonder it is hate, after all, that stirs me when I look at you? I believe there's a type of man born with a love to torture who does not feel his most esteem. Two often felt, when I thought of you through all these years, that I would love to see you cry as you used to cry those summer days. Ah!—he drew in a long breath—"do you remember the long moonlight nights, when we sat and looked out at the sea, and the mornings when—"

"This is unendurable," she cried sharply, and rose. She made a movement as though she would strike him across the mouth, and felt that only in such a movement lay her salvation. "How dare you speak in that way to me here—in this house!"

He laughed a curious, noiseless laugh. "Ah! I see," he said, "I was the first man—Am I the second?"

His tone was mocking; his eyes still held hers. She caught at the piano by which she stood, and grasped it so that the sharp edge of the wood cut cruelly into her palm. The pair was grateful to her; it brought her to a realisation of herself as a powerful stimulant might have done. "Thank you, thank you," she said, "you are now the first and the second man—to me, the real me."

She struck at her breast savagely. "You were never anything—my soul had not been born."

"We might both wish that were so," said he; "but wishes will not undo the past."

She laughed, a hard little laugh. The moment for which she had longed through many lonely, restless nights of thought had come—the moment which is desired by all women who feel themselves wronged and insulted. For all the danger which menaced her, for all the fear of the interruption which would be so fatal, standing as she did on the edge of a volcano, she could not have foregone this opportunity to tell out the bitterness of her heart.

"Listen," she cried, with a soft distinctness, "it would be well for you to hear this now—even if at the moment men waited to take you back to prison and death. No; you shall listen! I never loved you—I never knew or dreamed what love was for years and years after you left me. You captured my raw imagination, that was all—any knife with a pleasant tongue would have done. You were fascinated me, as some poisonous snake might fascinate the silly thing on which it hopes to make its meal. I knew so much before you left me—knew it and despised you."

He listened, marking a sardonic approval of her subdued violence with a movement of his head which boded her to further truth. "Oh, and if I despised you, how I despised myself," she breathed, "loathed, hated, and despised myself!" She put her hands to her face with an involuntary motion of pain.

He laughed. "Very pretty," he said, "very pretty; but you forget, as you originally remarked some twenty minutes ago, the time presses; that I am not the base deceiver and you the injured innocence of a melodrama, but merely a man wanted on a capital charge and a woman who is very properly anxious to conceal certain events in her life from the too inquisitive, if noble, gaze of her husband. Let's come to the point at last, Pauline. What I want of you to-day is shelter—sanctuary."

"Impossible!" she cried, beneath her breath. "You put your head into the lion's mouth."

"By no means. I desire to lie down behind the shelter of the lamb—Woodruffe's ewe lamb. Seriously—!" His manner changed, his ears, sharpened, had caught the sound of voices in the

corridor outside. "My God! What's that—some-one coming here? Pauline, you must hide me."

"Hush!" she held a warning hand towards him, and stole to the door, but all was quietness; the speakers had passed on. "Only some of the servants," she said. "Miles, what you ask is impossible. How can I hide you here—in my husband's house? You must go now, while there is time."

"There must be a hundred hiding-places," he retorted, briefly. "This is the house of all houses where I shall be safest. The last spot in London where our intelligent police force would be likely to look for me. Thank heaven for the reputation of your estimable husband—it is as the spreading mustard tree—the fowls of the air may shelter under the branches thereof—I intend to."

"You are talking the most absolute nonsense," said Pauline, decidedly. "Freud from the physics' contact of the man, the misère of his influence was gone. Her outburst had relieved her, her nerve was returning. Fully aware now of the imminent danger in which they stood her one desire was to be rid of the man. An impersonal fear of being behind locked doors with an escaped prisoner, a possible murderer, rose up within her. She moved over to her writing-table.

"I will give you all the money I have in the world," she said, "it isn't much, but it is all that I have, and you must go. Why don't you try to get out of the country?"

She counted out a little heap of gold from her small tool-leather case, and the man watched her with interested eyes, it was not the first time that his glance had wandered to the dainty bit of furniture.

"The worthy Woodruffe is not unduly generous," he said, with a laugh. "Fifteen pounds. One could go far with that, my friend!"

She looked at him a little hopelessly. "It is better than nothing at all—and Cynthia—Cynthia will send you more—she has money now, plenty of money."

"Cynthia," he repeated, with an odd intonation in his beautiful voice. "Ah, you women are little cattle. I wouldn't touch a penny of Cynthia's money. Now listen to reason, my good woman. With the utmost difficulty I managed to gain admittance to this house, by a means which was infinitely unpalatable to me—lying to your sister, playing upon her emotions—and I do not intend to leave it—yet."

"I don't care how you came here," she said, "I am past caring for things of that kind, and past caring what Cynthia thinks or feels. I only know that she would die to save me from what the discovery of your presence here would mean, and that you must go now—at once."

He took the key of the door from his pocket and held it towards her. "As you will. Let me out, and I will go—downstairs. I have no doubt your husband will be glad to afford me hospitality till such times as I have laid bare our interesting and touching story. I know it's a coward's weapon, but it's my only one. Great Scott! Pauline, can't you bow to the inevitable? One way or another it means the letting of the cat out of the bag. You think if you hide me here that I shall be discovered—I don't. I believe it's possible for me to live in this house for days without anybody being a penny wiser—but if you refuse me the shelter I'll go, taking in your husband's presence, as I shall hear the truth from his lips—Gad! if there's any telling I'll not be balked of the finest dramatic situation it's ever been my lot to come within bowshot of."

He laid the key on her hand outstretched to him. Her fingers closed on it mechanically; she stared at him hopelessly.

"Go on, what are you going to do?"

"What can I do?" she asked. The glance she cast at him was full of hatred, the man was conscious that at the moment only fear, the greatest force her nature knew, held her back from denouncing him. "If it were not for one thing," she said, beneath her breath. "If there were no child I would gladly at this moment give you up to justice, and let you tell the world what you are—not more cruel—make me suffer more. Even now—" she paused and eyed him reflectively, "even now is it too late? My husband loves me. Love is strong, it forgives much. He—he might forgive my poor silence—my pitiful deception. Oh, it's possible!"

He spoke to herself as much as to the man. His eyes raked her with a bold fire, a smile curved the cruel lips beneath the disfiguring beard.

"Possible, but improbable," he sneered. "I know these men. Your John is not so uncommon a type. Then, would he be wrong if he turned you out of doors? Think, all these years of lies and deceit—the coy courtship—the maiden soul with which he fell in love! Oh, come, in common fairness, isn't it a little more than mere deception?"

She caught her breath. His sneering words seemed to have unrolled her husband's mind before her. She winced at the thought that for a moment had seemed almost feasible—confession to John, the man who hated lying, who believed in only one unchangeable sin—cowardice!

"Isn't it a bit late in the day to think of easing your soul to the worthy John?" he said softly.

There was something so absolutely fiendish in the man's manner that it goaded Pauline to madness. She uttered a cry almost inhuman in its anger, and made a quick step towards him.

The man caught her outstretched hands in his.

"Don't be such a confounded fool," he said in a hissing whisper. "Trust a woman for giving herself away. There's someone at the door!"

Pauline's madness fell from her like a cloak. She turned a strained face towards the door, her hands still resting unconsciously in Farmiloe's grasp.

Someone was trying the handle of the door impatiently.

"Say yes," commanded Farmiloe.

The handle rattled again. "Pauline, are you in there? What on earth's the matter with the door. It's stuck." It was John Woodruffe's voice, eager and irritated at the unexpected opposition.

Farmiloe almost pushed the woman towards the door.

"Open it," he said, "and for God's sake keep your head. I'll hide in the bedroom. I know my way."

To be continued on Monday.

Maude Taylor,

163b, SLOANE STREET,
LONDON, W.

GREAT BLOUSE SALE,

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MARCH 21st.

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MAUDE TAYLOR has much pleasure in announcing that she has just purchased

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White Washing Silk Blouse, trimmed White Washing Lace.

BLOUSES.

	Sale Price.	Usual Price.
200 Models in Crêpe de Chine	29/11	30/6 to 49/6
780 Ditto ditto (all colours)	39/11	50/11
367 Ditto ditto ditto		
(all beautifully trimmed)	59/6	4½ to 6 gs.
500 Cream Jap Silk Models, all nicely trimmed and of newest design	6/11	12/11
597 Cream Jap Silk ...	10/11	18/11
800 Ditto ...	21/-	35/6
640 Ditto ...	29/11	42/- to 52/-
500 Soft Batiste Blouses, trimmed imitation Cluny Lace (all colours)	3/11	6/11
463 Muslin ditto, gathered and tucked	10/11	18/11
180 White Muslin (Plain and Spot)	14/11	25/6
340 Batiste and Fancy Muslin	21/-	29/11
About 300 Models	29/11	to 35s.

(These are less than half usual price.)

500 Fancy Delaine Models, in all colourings and daintily made	8/11	12/11
120 Fancy Washing Canvas and Voiles, richly trimmed	14/11	21/-
327 Delaine, hand made, with and without silk stock ties	18/11	27/6
100 Fancy and Spot Delaine Blouses, trimmed Glacé strappings and rich Eastern Embroidery in dainty colourings	35/6 & 45/6	

GLOVES.

	Sale Price.	Usual Price.
Paris, Kid, in all colours and black	1/11	2/11
Suede ditto	1/11	2/11
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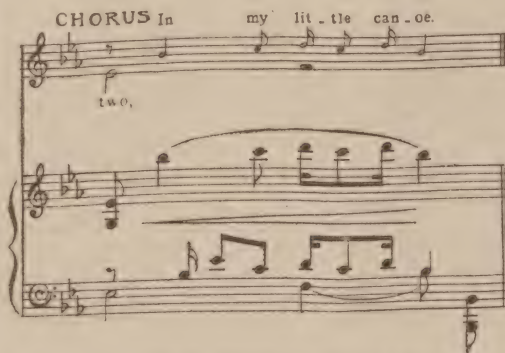
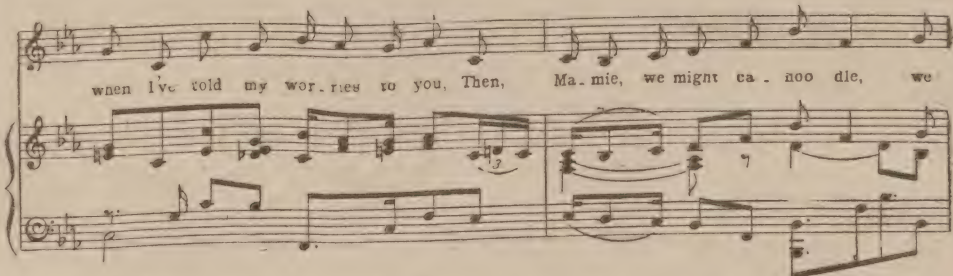
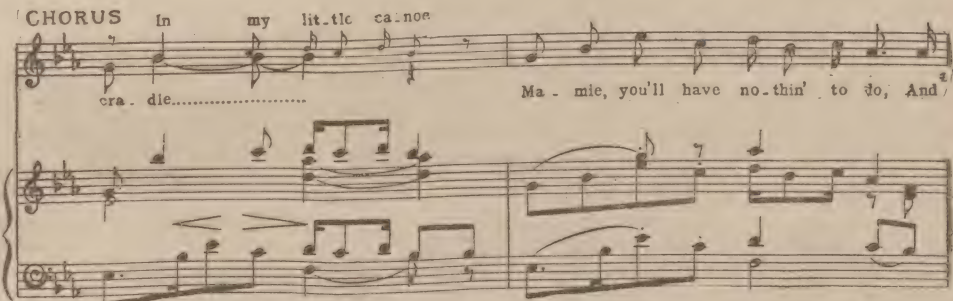
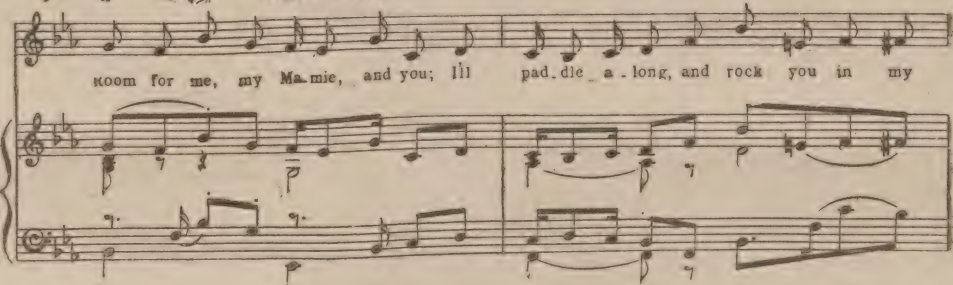
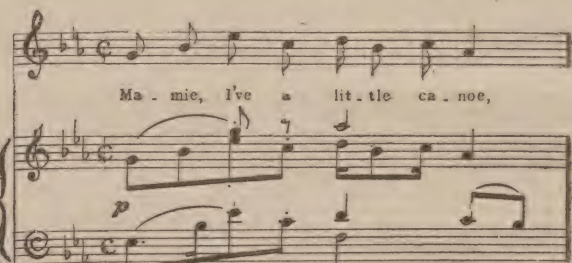
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"MY LITTLE CANOE."

Words and Music by

LESLIE STUART.



Mr. Leslie
Stuart
has caught
the ear of
the public
once more
with this
catchy
refrain.
Miss
Billie Burke
sings "In
My Little
Canoe"
in "The
Schoolgirl,"
and every
street boy is
now
whistling it.

"IN MY LITTLE CANOE."

Mr. Leslie Stuart's Latest Ear-
haunting Melody.

The haunting refrain of "In My Little Canoe,"
which we publish to-day, is the most popular Eng-
lish melody of the year. Miss Billie Burke's
charming rendering of the song in "The School-
girl" had undoubtedly much to do with its initial
success, but since then it has boomed itself. It is
one of those insidious tunes that gets itself into
your head the first time you hear it, and stays
there. Once having heard it the victim goes about
humming or whistling it all day, and longs for
someone to play or sing "In My Little Canoe"
to him at night.

Mr. Leslie Stuart has had successful songs
which created more sensation than this. From his
fifteenth year, when he was appointed organist of
the Roman Catholic Church in Salford, he has
produced many popular tunes. "Soldiers of the
Queen," his greatest success, was undoubtedly
more widely known. "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden,"
"Louisiana Lou," and "Little Dolly Day-dream"
were each in their own style univalued. But it
is doubtful whether he has ever written a daintier,
more caressing melody than that of his latest suc-
cess, "In My Little Canoe."

Damages amounting to £200 were awarded in the
High Court to Frederick Newman, a journeyman
plumber, in his action for libel against Mr. and
Mrs. Strauss, of Maida Vale, with whom he had
lodged.

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M.P.'S ENGLISH AWRY.

Something is wrong with Mr. Weir's English, or
with the composers who set the Parliamentary
papers.

Mr. Weir is down to ask the President of the
Board of Trade, "Having regard to the fact that
the atmosphere in the Metropolitan Extension
Railway between 8 p.m. and midnight is specially
foul through being surcharged with smoke emanat-
ing from coal of a highly bituminous character,
will he represent to the railway company the desir-
ability of using coal of a less smokeless nature?"
"Less smokeless nature" is what Bardolph
would call "a good, soldierlike phrase."

CURATE ANSWERS THE BELL.

Alice Bailey, a respectably-dressed young
woman, was charged at Marylebone yesterday with
being found in All Saints' Church, Talbot-road,
Notting Hill, presumably for a felonious purpose.
Robberies having been committed at the church
the vicar had the alms-boxes fitted with an electric
wire and communicating with a bell to the vicar-
age, on the opposite side of the road. The bell
rang violently, and on running across to the
church a curate met Miss Bailey coming out. One
of the alms-boxes had been broken open.
Accused was remanded.

A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

WELL UNDER ONE POUND

BARGAINS TO BE BOUGHT AT A LEADING LONDON SHOP.

The much-praised woman who remains at home with her sewing machine, concocting dainty habiliments for her own wear, is a person who is held up to our admiration so often that we have become a trifle tired of hearing of her excellence. The one who goes out to buy her pretty fancies is less frequently extolled; but does not she deserve a special word of praise?

Two Benefits of Buying.

By purchasing her clothes ready-made in the shops she is doing herself two good turns; one benefits her beauty, and the other her appearance and her purse. The fresh and tonic air of spring that she imbibes when she goes shop-gazing is no small accessory to her charms, and when she lays her money out wisely and well she is certain of becoming the possessor of something that she can wear with pleasure, and that will make her look still prettier, whereas a home-made article is invariably not a thing of beauty, and most decidedly too often lacks the power of being a joy for ever.

Such were the thoughts that chased through my mind when in Messrs. Peter Robinson's wonderful establishment the other day I made the acquaintance of the dressing-gown and tea-jacket shown on this page to-day, and discovered almost to my bewilderment that the former cost merely 18s. 11d. and the latter the paltry sum of 1s. 11d. only. I will now describe both garments, for I con-

toilette quite elegant enough to be entitled a tea-gown. Fashioned in the kimono form, it is made of good twill flannel, lined to the waist with mull muslin, and is edged after the manner clearly delineated in the sketch, with a white fancy linen bordering spotted with colour. The model I saw was one of Copenhagen blue, just the shade of the porcelain that is now so excessively fashionable in Paris for dinner-table use and that hails from the Danish

plain veiling trimmed upon the vandyked edges, as the picture shows it to be, with lace. The same fascinating little wrap can be bought in pink, sky blue, or cream nun's veiling, and certainly it is the best bargain I have seen for many a long day.

This week is the occasion of one of Peter Robinson's famous Great White Sales, where everything, from lingerie and petticoats to full dress evening toilettes, will be exhibited, and everything will be white. Of course, however, during that period

as thick as possible at the bottom, hare the upper end of the rib about an inch from the top. Heat the butter in a frying-pan and when brown add minced mushrooms and fry until cooked; strain off the butter, add salt and pepper. Split the bottom part of the cakes through nearly to the bone, so as to form a pocket, and insert a little prepared forcemeat; skewer together with a fine skewer at the outer edge; grill these from seven to eight minutes. Meanwhile, prepare the gravy, for which reheat the butter, add the flour and brown it, then add gradually ½ pint good brown stock, the butter mushrooms, pepper and salt, and simmer for ten minutes. Remove skewers from cutlets and dish them neatly round a heap of asparagus or French beans. Four the gravy and mushrooms round the base.
Cost 5s. 4d.

MORE PRIZES.

Three further prizes are offered of £1, 10s., and 5s., this time for the three best household recipes. Postcards will be received up to the first post on Monday morning, April 18.

PETER ROBINSON'S
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TWELFTH GREAT WHITE SALE.

MONDAY, MARCH 21st,
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HOUSEHOLD LINENS,
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Price ONE GUINEA.

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The
Coffee Coat
sketched above
is one of
Peter Robinson's
most tempting bargains,
and is composed of
accordion-pleated nun's
veiling
in several colours
or in black,
edged with lace.
Its price is 12/11.

capital. But all other colours are purchasable in this pattern of gown, and all are of the obliging price already named. Now to narrate the particularly estimable qualities of the tea-

coloured raiment will be sold, and therefore the special bargains that have just been mentioned should be asked for while white ones are being bought.

COOKERY COMPETITION.

We award the first prize of £1 for the best cookery recipe to Miss AGNEW, Dunesk, Knock, Belfast, for "Cotelettes de Mouton farcies aux champignons."

Second, of 10s., to Miss EDITH FRANKENBURG, 1, Park-road, Duke's Avenue, Chiswick, for "Smoked Salmon Croustades."

Third, of 5s., to Mrs. F. KNATCHBULL, Wilton House, Farnham, Surrey, for "Orange Marmalade."

FIRST PRIZE RECIPE.

COTELETTES DE MOUTON FARCIES AUX CHAMPIGNONS.

Six or eight thick cutlets, one dessertspoonful minced parsley, 2oz. butter, ¼lb. mushrooms, minced. Salt and pepper, one dozen whole mushrooms, ½ pint stock, one tablespoonful of flour. Saw off the chine bone, cut them

On the left is shown a remarkably pretty Kimono Wrap, made of porcelain blue flannel, edged with a border of white and blue trimming. The cost of this dainty wrap is 18/11 only.

jacket illustrated in the centre of the page. It is made of pleated nun's veiling, and the model I saw was a black one edged with écar lace of a very pretty waved pattern. The accordion pleating is full and elegant, and of it are the sleeves formed, while the ample shoulder cape is made of

were selling at Lady Londonderry's stall; and Lady Kilmorey, Lady Beville, and Lady Henry Bentinck were again present.

Lady Verulam was there, and made many purchases; Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing and Lady Victoria Villiers were talking to Lady Aberdeen. Lady Victoria Manners and her niece—Lady Marjorie Manners—Lady Fingall, Muriel Lady Helmsley, Lady Erne, and the Dowager Lady Donoughmore were a few more people busy helping at the sale, which has been a particularly successful one from a pecuniary point of view.

Beautiful Music.

There was some lovely music and an interesting audience at Miss Carrie Townshend's afternoon concert. She herself played charmingly, and among those who came in during the afternoon were Lady Bangor, Lady Maitland, Lady Maria Fitzclarence, Lady Stratford, Lady John Kennedy, and Miss Marie Brema, who sang delightfully.

Skating in Sunshine.

The last few days the skating rinks have presented quite an anomalous appearance, people clad in light costumes flitting about the ice, which is flooded with bright sunshine from the glass roof

above. Both Hengler's and Prince's have been very crowded lately, the latter partly because it is closing so much earlier than usual. Lady Helen Vincent, Lady Archibald Campbell, and the Duchess of Bedford are there every afternoon. Mr. Chamberlain's daughters have been learning to skate during his absence in Egypt, and have now become very proficient; while other interesting people often there are Mrs. Harry de Windt, the wife of the great explorer, and Dr. Jameson's brother, with his daughter.

A Dark Blue.

Mr. R. V. Somers Smith, who was spare man of the Oxford crew, but is now in the eight, went up last year to Merton College from Eton. Since last October he has won the Freshmen's mile and quarter-mile races, thus following in the footsteps of his father, who was also at Merton, and a famous runner in his day, winning the mile and quarter-mile races for Oxford against Cambridge, besides a host of other pedestrian victories.

But Mr. Somers Smith has another claim on public interest. His grandfather, who was rector of Little Bentley, near Colchester, was a son of the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of King William IV., and he is consequently a distant relation of the King.

SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

There is a good deal of surprise in social circles that no order for general mourning for the Duke of Cambridge has been issued. On the death of his sister, the Duchess of Teck, ten days' general mourning was ordered, and the Court only went into mourning for three weeks.

Irish Industries.

At the second day's sale at Grosvenor House it was noticeable that nearly everyone was dressed in black. There was, perhaps, a bigger crowd than on the previous day, and a brisk trade was done in linen, lace, and tweeds.

Lady Lansdowne came early and was joined afterwards by her daughter-in-law, Lady Kerry; Mr. Wyndham came with Lady Grosvenor and Lady Beauchamp; the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Gertrude Beckett, and Mrs. White Ridley

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

A LIFE LAID DOWN FOR LOVE.



The old-fashioned rector lay brooding in the sunshine, with doors and windows set wide open to catch every breath of the hot air. The roses drooped their fragrant heads in the heat, and the geraniums and poppies flared back defiance at the sunbeams. Somewhere in the distance a little fountain tickled and murmured lazily, and a drowsy hum of insects filled the air.

It was like a scene out of a fairy-tale; the silent house, the blue expanse of sea visible here and there through the fir trees, the trickling fountain, and above it all the intensely blue sky.

There was a flutter of a light gown through the trees, and the silence was broken by a voice, a passionate voice, not loud, with a deep ring of feeling in its tones:

"Couldn't you say yes, Nan? Couldn't you? Think how I have hoped for ever so long—years I think."

"How provoking you are!" exclaimed a girl's voice—airy, cool, and as ice compared with the fierce tremor of his. Here we are, as good friends, as possible, in the garden, and you are menacing—and now you must go and spoil it all by wanting me to marry you." Her voice quivered in spite of herself at the absurdity of the thought.

"We get on very well now," she resumed after a second's pause. "Of course squabbles occur now and then—you know you are very argumentative, Gilbert—they only relieve the monotony of existence, but—here she paused—"if we ever got married"—again that unkind quiver in her voice—"well, we should end by hating each other cordially."

They had moved from under the shadow of the trees, and now stood on the gravel path facing each other. The hot August sun striking down on their young heads revealed the desperate earnestness of his face, and all the debonnaire beauty of her own.

"I can't understand why you desire it," she went on meditatively, pulling a rose to pieces, with careless fingers, and watching each petal as it fluttered to the ground. "I'm small and of no reputation, by which I mean you to understand that I am not, even distantly, related to a duke, or an earl, either, for the matter of that. I believe a baronetcy has been heard of in the family; but what is a baronet nowadays? They are as plentiful as blackberries. My face is literally my fortune, and hundreds of girls are better dowries to me than respect than I. I am an ignoramus to my very finger-tips, and there you have my character summed up in brief."

He never removed his eyes from her face. If it were only play to her, there was no doubt about its being deadly earnest to him.

"You are not true to yourself," he said slowly. "You know that you are not. You have the most provoking, tormenting, heart-breaking face that ever any man had the misfortune to look at, and you know it, I say."

She flushed with a childish pleasure at his words. "I had no idea you valued me so highly. It is rather an odd description; but I am convinced you mean well. Now look here, Gilbert; I suppose you change the subject. Take that lugubrious look off your face, and let us go and get some fruit."

Her voice was wheedling enough to charm a serpent as she laid her harm upon his arm, but he shook it off, his face white with suppressed rage.

"Good heavens! Haven't you any heart? You never understand what you are to me, and that I am in earnest? Why should you treat me and my love for you as something too amusing for you to do anything but laugh at? I am no boy, and I will not be treated as one. I tell you that I worship you, envy everything you touch, that flower in your fingers, the rose that you tear to pieces just now as carelessly as you are tearing my heart."

He was almost incoherent with passion and seized her hands, looking into her eyes as if seeking for a favourable reply, despite her light words.

All her pretty colour faded, and she shrank away as his dark face approached her so closely that she could hear his quick uneven breathing, and struggled wildly to get away from him.

"Let me go! let me go!"

His grasp never relaxed a muscle.

"Do you think I don't know who has come between me and my hopes?" he said. "I see you know whom I mean," as his jealous eyes saw the colour rush back to the shrinking face before him; "that cousin of mine, confound him! There was a time when you and I laughed at him together; we did everything together then, Nan. Don't you remember how you and I used—years ago, when we were little—to go and hide from him because you said two was a much more comfortable number than three? See, Nan, I have money, land, everything that makes life delightful, and you need only express a wish for anything and I will get it for you. Think—money, lands, position."

He watched her face as he reiterated each slowly.

She only burst into a flood of passionate tears.

"Oh, you must be mad! How cruel you are! If I tried for ever so long I couldn't love you in that way. Let me go; I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!"

He loosened his hold of her hands, and muttered something between his teeth. She started up from the bench on which she had flung herself, terrified at his look and words.

"You won't hurt him, Gilbert. Promise me you won't quarrel with him."

"He had better keep out of my way for a day or two. I feel as if I could kill him. He has everything—mother, sisters, father. I had only you, Nan, and he's taken you away from me—curses him!"

II.

He strode away across the lawn, and Nan sat down to have a good cry, for she was a tender-hearted little soul, and did not get into passions as a rule, and the look on Gilbert's face had terrified her.

She gave a great start when a footstep sounded beside her, and looked up as her father's pleasant voice broke the silence.

"Why, my dear child, what is the matter?"

Nan jumped up and seized his arm:

"Father, what a mercy you've come! Did you meet him?"

"Meet whom? Gilbert? I did, and never saw the young man in such a villainous temper. Feeling seedy, I suppose; he looked so white."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"He hadn't even the politeness to say, 'How d'ye do?' said the genial rector, laughing; 'only asked if I knew where his cousin was to be found, and as I happened to know, I told him.'"

His daughter's face whitened, and she sank back on the bench in such evident terror that the rector stared at her in open-mouthed astonishment.

"What is the matter, Annette? Have you all gone mad, or have I? I insist upon knowing."

Nan knew that her father meant what he said when he called her "Annette," and she told him what had taken place.

He shook his head reprovingly.

"I'm very sorry to hear it," he said. "Dear, dear! how you children grow up, to be sure! But young men don't go about nowadays thirsting for the blood of their more fortunate rivals; you have taken an exaggerated view of the case, my dear."



"Arthur, do you really love her?"

No doubt Gilbert and Arthur Balmain will turn up to-morrow, arm-in-arm; they have always been a most united pair. Dry your eyes, and don't look like a nineteenth century Ophelia! He glanced up at the sky. "We shall have a storm before the night is over, unless I'm much mistaken; the gulls are flying inland, and I noticed the sea had a very ugly look as I passed through the village. Come—tucking Nan's hand within his arm—"your old father wants his tea."

Nan rubbed her cheek lovingly against his sleeve.

"Dear old daddy, why isn't everyone like you?"

And they went into the house together.

All that long summer's evening Nan, as she sat alone in the drawing-room, felt her heart sinking lower and lower under a strange foreboding of evil—gay, pretty Nan, who laughed through life, and who hitherto had not had a care in the world, and she often longed for her mother, but, as she had died soon after Nan's birth, the girl never missed her actual presence from the rooms; but only longed for her with that vague, sad, rudderless feeling that motherless girls have at times, especially during such an experience as Nan was passing through now.

The house did feel painfully silent that evening. It was the vicar's night for writing his sermon, and Nan knew that it would be high treason to break in upon his meditations. The kitchen was in a remote part of the house, and not even a stir sounded from the servants' quarter. The tall old clock in the hall ticked away solemnly; there seemed to be a hush in all the air; and Nan found herself involuntarily catching her breath. The room darkened, and she rang for lights. After attempting to sew, she began to read, always with that vague, terrible feeling clutching at her heart. She opened a magazine haphazard, and began to read the story—a murder. She shuddered and flung it away from her, and took up a volume of poems. It seemed to open of its own accord at food's gruesome rendering of "Eugene Aram." Nan put it down pettishly, and went up to bed.

She could not sleep, the air was so oppressive, or was it only that dull weight upon her heart?

She sat at the open window. Great packs of dark cloud hung over the house, and there was a strange coppery glow in the sky near the horizon line that boded a storm.

As she sat there, the whole breadth and height of the sky flashed out a quivering sheet of steely flame.

The thunder crackled and rumbled—it seemed just beneath the foundations of the house, making it reverberate with the echo from basement to garret. It was a fearful night, and one that the village was never likely to forget.

III.

On a narrow strip of sandy beach two men stood facing each other. Behind them towered a vast wall of rock; in front was the sea, stretching away for miles—an expanse of heaving, angry breakers that surged and showed white crests as they rolled in.

It was more than temper that smouldered in Gilbert Balmain's eyes. It was murder—the ugly look that must have kindled in Cain's glance when he slew his brother.

There were the usual recriminations—bursts of furious anger from Gilbert, and cool retorts that gathered strength as his temper became roused from the other.

"You were always first in everything—in looks, in manner, in luck. Everyone liked and admired and made much of you, and you know I never grudged you one scrap of anything. Now"—his voice rose—"now you come to rob me of Nan—Nan who always liked me best until you tried your infernal wiles to turn her against me. You shan't have her—you shall not, I say," taking a step towards his rival, almost beside himself with rage.

Arthur involuntarily retreated. "My dear fellow," he said, in a soothing voice, which, needless

gulls flutter up in affright; a despairing shout that met with no response.

"No use," said Gilbert. "If we shouted till we were black in the face nobody could hear us. Why, man, we are miles away from everywhere."

Arthur flung himself down on the small space of sand that remained. His was one of those nervous, excitable natures that as so easily cast into the slough of despond.

Gilbert stood looking out to sea, knitting his dark brows in thought. He suddenly turned and surveyed the rocky wall behind him. All the passion had faded from his eyes as he presently turned to his cousin. There was all the old affection, and something more—a look of high resolve that Arthur remembered many a time in after years.

"There is only one chance," he said; "and that is so small that it's hardly worth while calling it one."

Arthur's face brightened, then darkened as suddenly. He shook his head, and pointed out to sea. "There's a storm brewing; look at that sea and listen to the gulls. No use, old man, we have to do it, and we may as well die game. Poor little Nan!"

Gilbert's shoulders gave an impatient jerk—the wound rankled. He turned to his cousin, and for a moment their hands met in that close clasp which means so much to Englishmen. "Arthur, do you really love her?"

The other man nodded, he didn't feel inclined for talking just then.

Gilbert's affirmation was, it seemed to satisfy Gilbert. "See here, old fellow, I didn't mean all I said just now. You were always the lucky one, and always deserved it. Who would look at an ugly brute like me when you are by? No," as the other began to speak, "it was always quite as it could be. You never done many a good turn, and I want to cry quits. Look here," he pointed to the cliff—"you see that little projecting bit of rock up there?"

Arthur nodded. "Well?"

"That's the one chance I spoke of just now."

"That! Why, how are we to reach it, and how is it going to hold us both?"

"It's not," began Gilbert, and then broke off suddenly.

"This is my proposal," he went on. "It is not so very high up, but still it's out of reach of the tide, I'm almost certain. If I give you a back you can reach those overhanging bushes, you are so tall. Anyhow, it's worth trying. Up you get."

He spoke lightly, but there was an anxious look in his eyes as he looked at his cousin.

"And you?" asked Arthur.

Gilbert shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm going to swim for it."

"Why, you must be mad to dream of swimming in such a sea—stark, staring naught," cried Arthur, vehemently. "No, my dear fellow, it isn't quite good enough. Whatever comes, we'll face it together. He set his back against the cliff as he spoke, and looked at his cousin doggedly.

The tide had crept in upon them almost imperceptibly, and yet had made gigantic strides. It lapped over their feet, and flecked the lapels of Arthur's gay "blazer."

He took out his handkerchief and wiped the foam away.

"Salt water takes the colour out," he said, and then gave a discordant laugh. "What a fool I am! There'll be precious little colour left in it or me either, for the matter of that, very soon. Gilbert, how do people feel when they are drowning? But, of course, how should you know?" with another of those terrible laughs that cut Gilbert like a knife.

"I wonder shall we float out to sea or sink to the bottom."

Gilbert looked at him anxiously; the lad's face was flushed, and his eyes wild.

"I don't know what you're going to do," he said, almost roughly; "but I'm not going to stand here tamely, like a caged animal, to be drowned. You may do as you like; there is only one chance for each of us, and I'm going to take mine."

He stripped off his coat as he spoke.

"Do you think I don't see through your dodge?" said Arthur, with a groan. "But I can't do it, dear old Gilbert; you know you're offering me the best, and that your chance will be simply nil."

"I tell you it's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. If I choose to swim for it instead of perching on a rock like a pelican, that's my business, I suppose? Up you go. Confound you! Can't you do as you're asked? If you won't do it for me, do it for your mother's sake, for Nan's sake. Are you ready? Catch a firm grip of the bushes—now spring. Right you are. Good-bye. Give my love to Nan."

Within the church the shadows were gathering. One slender shaft of sunset still lingered as if loth to go, and lay softly on a marble tablet that gleamed on the wall opposite the rectory pew:

GILBERT BALMAIN,

Died August 18th, 18—

Age 23 years.

"Greater love have no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

And Nan's tears were falling fast.

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LADY'S Costume Overall, with shawl; a dainty and complete costume; 10s. 6d.; 10s. 6d.; 12s. 6d.; 14s. 6d.; 16s. 6d.; 18s. 6d.; 20s. 6d.; 22s. 6d.; 24s. 6d.; 26s. 6d.; 28s. 6d.; 30s. 6d.; 32s. 6d.; 34s. 6d.; 36s. 6d.; 38s. 6d.; 40s. 6d.; 42s. 6d.; 44s. 6d.; 46s. 6d.; 48s. 6d.; 50s. 6d.; 52s. 6d.; 54s. 6d.; 56s. 6d.; 58s. 6d.; 60s. 6d.; 62s. 6d.; 64s. 6d.; 66s. 6d.; 68s. 6d.; 70s. 6d.; 72s. 6d.; 74s. 6d.; 76s. 6d.; 78s. 6d.; 80s. 6d.; 82s. 6d.; 84s. 6d.; 86s. 6d.; 88s. 6d.; 90s. 6d.; 92s. 6d.; 94s. 6d.; 96s. 6d.; 98s. 6d.; 100s. 6d.; 102s. 6d.; 104s. 6d.; 106s. 6d.; 108s. 6d.; 110s. 6d.; 112s. 6d.; 114s. 6d.; 116s. 6d.; 118s. 6d.; 120s. 6d.; 122s. 6d.; 124s. 6d.; 126s. 6d.; 128s. 6d.; 130s. 6d.; 132s. 6d.; 134s. 6d.; 136s. 6d.; 138s. 6d.; 140s. 6d.; 142s. 6d.; 144s. 6d.; 146s. 6d.; 148s. 6d.; 150s. 6d.; 152s. 6d.; 154s. 6d.; 156s. 6d.; 158s. 6d.; 160s. 6d.; 162s. 6d.; 164s. 6d.; 166s. 6d.; 168s. 6d.; 170s. 6d.; 172s. 6d.; 174s. 6d.; 176s. 6d.; 178s. 6d.; 180s. 6d.; 182s. 6d.; 184s. 6d.; 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